

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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No. 877.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Fleet Registers; comprising the History of Fleet Marriages, and some Account of the Parsons and Marriage-House Keepers; with Extracts from the Registers. To which are added, Notices of the May Fair, Mint, and Savoy Chapels: and an Appendix relating to Parochial Registration. By John Southerden Burn, author of the "History of Parish Registers." London, 1833. Rivingtons; Butterworth; and Suter.

"MARRIAGES are made in heaven," says the proverb; but they are nevertheless often very oddly carried into effect on earth. The ceremonies attendant upon the union of the sexes in various countries form a curious chapter in the history of the customs and feelings of mankind. With some it is a religious sacrament—with some a civil contract—with some a very blackguard buckle-beggar sort of business altogether; and certainly there never was so striking an exhibition of the last-mentioned class as in the volume now before us. In fact, it causes us to doubt the veracity of the adage, touching the celestial origin of matrimony; for surely such agencies as these were never employed to consummate heavenly purposes.

Since the passing of the Marriage Act* in a preceding generation, A.D. 1754, the memory of the then familiar practices of which this volume gives an account, have passed away. A new doctrine has sprung up, and marriages are no longer facilitated and encouraged. A country is not reckoned richer and more powerful, but poorer and weaker in proportion to its population. As too many cooks spoil the broth, too many people ruin a nation.

The old Scriptural advice, better to marry than burn, is utterly reversed; and the axiom of our day is, better to burn or do any thing than marry. But read Mr. John Southerden Burn on this subject. His matches will enlighten your understanding, and you will perceive how forefathers and foremothers enjoyed themselves ere political economy interfered to persuade them to the contrary, before the march of intellect rose against recruiting the rising generation, and while, though the schoolmaster was at home, the parson was abroad among them. They could coin a mint of happiness at the Mint; they might make fair play at May Fair; even at the Fleet they could secure a momentary taste of fleeting pleasure. Now, nor Mint, nor May Fair, nor Fleet, nor King's Bench, nor Savoy, hold out the hope of one comfort. At the first, there is money too difficult to be attained; at the second, dull fashion prevails; and if the last is entirely obliterated as a spectacle of unhappy prisoners, its quondam associates still support their extensive pre-eminence and hold multitudes in chains, but weave

no chains for the heart. The King's Bench and the Fleet, names associated in idea with British royalty and the British navy, how are ye inhabited in this improved era? Chiefly with the victims of dear laws, the boasted protection of all who can afford to sacrifice others. It is impossible to comprehend why these prisoners should have to pay so much on their way to gaol; entirely for the felicity of being ruined, and incarcerated within stone walls which no longer ring with mad revels, of which the author has collected and put together so many remarkable particulars.

"It was not until the council of Trent (1429) that the intervention of a priest, or other ecclesiastical functionary, was deemed in Europe indispensable to a marriage. It was then ascertained that the existence of the marriage contract as a mere civil engagement, unhallowed by any spiritual sanction, tended much to the formation of clandestine connexions, and their concomitant evils. The celebrated decree passed in that session interdicted any marriage otherwise than in the presence of a priest, and at least two witnesses. But in England previous to 1754, the common law continued to regulate the law of marriage, the authority of the council of Trent not having been acknowledged in this country; and whilst, in virtue of domestic institutions, a form was enjoined for the more solemn celebration of matrimony, and persons departing from these regulations were liable to ecclesiastical censure, still other and more private modes of contracting a marriage were tolerated and acknowledged by law.

"Banns were first directed to be published by Canon Hubert Walter, No. 22 (1200); and the constitution of William la Zouch, No. 7 (1347) notices the performance of clandestine marriages; and that 'some contriving unlawful marriages, and affecting the dark, lest their deeds should be reproved, procure every day, in a damnable manner, marriages to be celebrated without publication of banns duly and lawfully made, by means of chaplains that have no regard to the fear of God and the prohibition of the laws.' These informal marriages appear to have been continued in London notwithstanding the punishment denounced (and sometimes inflicted) by the ecclesiastical law. Within a few years previously to 1686, many thousands of clandestine marriages were performed; many of them, in certain churches and chapels exempted from the visitation of the ordinary, the ministers of which churches did usually marry without license or banns: these were called 'lawless churches;' for by this means those laws which had been made to prevent clandestine marriages were rendered ineffectual."

Such, in a striking degree, were the unions treated of by Mr. Burn; and of which he tells us—

"Many of the early Fleet weddings were really performed at the chapel of the Fleet; but as the practice extended, it was found more convenient to have other places within

the rules of the Fleet (added to which the warden was compelled by act of parliament not to suffer them), and thereupon many of the Fleet-parsons and tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood fitted up a room in their respective lodgings or houses as a chapel. The parsons took the fees, allowing a portion to the plyers, &c.; and the tavern-keepers, besides sharing in the fees, derived a profit from the sale of liquors which the wedding-party drank. In some instances the tavern-keepers kept a parson on their establishment at a weekly salary of twenty shillings; while others, upon a wedding-party arriving, sent for any clergyman they might please to employ, and divided the fee with him. Most of the taverns near the Fleet kept their own registers, in which (as well as in their own books) the parsons entered the weddings. The author has an engraving of 'a Fleet Wedding,' (published about 1747) 'between a brisk young Sailor and his Landlady's Daughter at Rederiff;' it represents the old Fleet market and prison, with the sailor, landlady, and daughter, just stepping from a hackney-coach; while two Fleet parsons, in canonicals, are offering their services. The verses written below the print are as follow:

'Scarce had the coach discharg'd its trusty fare,
But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair;
The busy plyers make a mighty stir,
And whispering, cry, 'Dye want the parson, sir?
Pray, step this way, just to the pen in hand,
The doctor's ready there at your command.'
'This way (another cries), sir, I declare,
The true and ancient register is here.'
Th' alarmed parsons quickly hear the din,
And hark with soothing words 'I invite 'em in:
In this confusion jostled to and fro,
Th' inamour'd couple know not where to go;
Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
Th' experienced matron came (an artful guide),
She led the way without regarding either,
And the first parson splid 'em both together.'

The companion to this engraving is 'The Sailor's Fleet Wedding Entertainment,' which represents the party sitting at table, round a bowl of punch, with pipes, &c."

The author goes on to give us some extraordinary details respecting the registers kept of these vile proceedings, from which we will make a few extracts.

"When one of the Fleet Registers was taken to Shrewsbury, on a trial there in 1794, a Mrs. Olivi gave the following evidence on the subject: 'My first husband was Thos. Owens. I had the register-books of Fleet marriages in my possession from my marriage in 1761, till I went to America eleven years ago. I then sold them to Mr. Panton. My husband, Owens, died about 1773. My husband made a will. I had the possession of the books myself, as my husband had other business. I heard my husband say he purchased these books. He had a marriage-house in Fleet Lane. I used the books to grant certificates upon parish affairs.' By the will of Thomas Owens, dated 18th Feb. 1775, and proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, he bequeaths to his wife Susan Owens, 'all the books of the registry of the Fleet marriages now in my possession.' By the evidence on the before-mentioned

SCRIPPS, d
ington Street,
Street, Oxford
Exchange; E.
A. Black,
and Pallmall
London.—Agent
quare.

rial, in 1794, it appears that 'the persons who kept the different marriage-houses were occasionally the clerks; if nobody was in the way, any person executed the office as a clerk. The man that in general was their servant he registered them.' Five or six hundred of these books were purchased of Mrs. Olivi, about 1783, by Mr. Benjamin Panton. Mr. Panton, in his evidence in the cause of Lloyd v. Passingham, said they weighed more than a ton; that he had been in the habit of attending courts of justice with them, and never knew them refused. About the year 18— Mr. Panton died, leaving a will, whereby he bequeathed these books to his daughter, — Panton, who, in 1813, disposed of them to Mr. William Cox. Amongst the books is one used to contain an account of all searches made: it is headed, 'This book contains all the searches found and not found from the year 1784 to 1804 and 1819, that as been made by any of Mr. Panton's family since in their possession, and is now going on by Mr. Wm. Cox, 1813.' They were purchased of Mr. Cox by government in 1821; and in one of the printed parliamentary estimates for that year is the following item:—'An account shewing how the sum of 280,000*l.*, granted by parliament to provide for extraordinary expenses of a civil nature, was expended:— George Manle, Esq., solicitor for the affairs of the Treasury, to enable him to purchase for the use of the public a series of books containing the entries of marriages in the Fleet Prison and the rules thereof, from the year 1686 to the year 1754,—260*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*'

These are deposited in the office of the Registrar of the Consistory Court of London; and Mr. Burn observes concerning them:

"It is to be wished that they were better arranged and indexed. There are several very large indexes, which only require a little time and attention to ascertain to what registers they refer. The pocket-books also might be bound together, and preserved from dust and dirt; and if government would give another 100*l.* these objects might be attained. It was a labour of many months to go through so many hundreds of dusty, dirty, and sometimes ragged books, to extract the materials for this volume."

We select some of the Fleet Pocket-Book Register entries, to shew the nature of many of these strange, and too often desperate and vicious matches. Some we cannot copy, on account of their indecorous allusions; and many seem to have been delayed till absolutely necessary, to prevent illegitimacy; while others, by being ante-dated, saved the characters of families already in existence.

"November 5th 1742 was married Benjamin Richards of the parish of St. Martin in the Fields B^r & Judith Lance D^e Sp— at the Bull and Garter and gave g & for an antidote to March y^e 11th in the same year, which Lilley complied wth & put 'em in his Book accordingly, there being a vacancy in the Book suitable to the time."

"John Thomas Briquett of the Pa of St. Giles's Attorney at Law and Sara Jarman of the Pa of St Ann's Westm^r W & Sp mar: by me in Newgate some years since

in Major Barnardy's Room. Jn^o Floud Cler." "Aug^t 31st 1738 James Clement Gent of St Edmund y^e King London B^r & Eliz Taylor of St Pauls Covent Garden Sp^r at Farrels Bagnio in Long Acre—£5. 5. 0."

"1728, Joseph South, of the parish of Deptford in Kent, and Eliz Durham of the same place Ba and Sp married at a cook-shop, next

the Yorkshire Gray, at the house of John Warmingier."

"These wicked people came this day; Peter Oliver of St Olaves Carpenter and Elizabeth Overton B and W would have a certificate dated in 1729, or would not be married if it was to be dated to this time—went to Lilley's and was married."

"This 31st of May came a man and a woman to be married at M^r Levi's. Gave M^r Ashwell 2^d 6*d*; he would have 5th 0*d* all; but they abus'd him, and all persons there went to — Bates or M^r Dare's, and gave 6^d 6*d* and was married, which was nine shillings, when they might have been done cheaper."

"M. B. A coachman came and was half married, and would've given but 3^d 6*d* and went off."

"1742 May 24 A Soldier brought a Barber to the Cock who I think said his name was James, Barber by Trade, was in part married to Elizabeth, they said they were married enough."

"I have put a secret Wedding in my private Book of Memorandum on this day (Nov. 5. 1742)."

"The Woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her Shift."

"Aug^t 12, 1729. Abraham Wells a Butcher of the Parish of Tottenham in Mid^x & Susannah Hewitt of Enfield W^r & W^o

J^r John Floud p^d five shillings per total. N. B. The 28th of April 1736 M^r Wells came and Earnestly entreated me to erase the marriage out of the book, for that her husband had beat & abused her in a barbarous manner, and she had much rather be esteemed his W— than that she might have a proper recourse of Law against him. I made her believe I did so for which I had half a guinea and she at the same time delivered me up her Certificate, no person present (according to her desire)."

"Welsh, alias Janes, alias Armstrong, alias — married four women in fourteen months; each time changing his name. The object of the brides in paying for a husband to be found for them, was to enable them to plead coverture to any action for debt, or to give them the means of shewing a certificate in case of their being *enceinte*. After an entry on the 19th Dec^r 1728, we find the Bridegroom thus paid "for his trouble."

"Robert Draper, Gardiner, and Ann Osborn, both of Battersea, married at Kit Linnerells. I gave a certificate, for which I had only a quartern of brandy."

"22 July 1728. Nicholas Richardson, invalid soldier in Chelsea Hospital, and Judith Taylor, of Chelsea. W. & W. P^r Jn^o Floud. Married at Chidleys. I gave a Certificate, and was paid with a promise."

"10 Dec. 1728. W^m Salkeld, a Mariner, and Mary Jones, both of St. Andrews, Holborn, B & Sp P^r Jn^o Floud. Marr: ten shillings, two and sixpence Clark; one D^e Register, two and sixpence Certificate. They were married at twelve at night, and lay all night in bed in my house, for which had one shilling and sixpence more."

"22 March, 1728. Tho^s Stringer, a Brew-

"A separate Book was kept for the purpose of inserting Marriages which were desired to be kept secret. Upon perusal of a private Book of this sort from 1748 to 1783, it appears that nearly all the contracting parties were of a superior station in Life, the additions being 'Gent. and Sp.' It was a vulgar error that a man was not liable to the Bride's debts if he took her in no other apparel than her shift. The Daily Journal of 8 Nov. 1728 mentions a similar exhibition at Ulcomb, in Kent. In a great many instances the parties refused to tell their surnames."

er's Servant, and Ann Criswell, both of St. Sepulchre's. B & Sp. P^r Jn^o Floud. Paid three shillings and sixpence, Certificate one and sixpence; it being pretty late, they lay here, and paid me one shilling for bed, (a kind girl.)"

"Edmund Daviss, a Hatter, of St. George's, Bloomsbury, and Mary Sprigg Martin, of St. Giles's in the Fields. B & Sp. P^r Jn^o Floud. These couple were bedded about six minutes, and paid only five shillings per total, being friends of Mary Hall. Vid. Apr. 9, 1727."

"12 Dec. 1729. John Slater, Gent. of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Frances Thompson, of St. Dunstan's in the West. B & Sp. P^r Jn^o Floud. This Marriage upon Honour."

"28 Ap^r 1740. Henry Mercer, of Lusam, late of Abinger, in Kent, Gent. Bat^r & Jane Sparrow, Ditto, Wid^r, at Crumpton's. N. B. This last marriage was to be kept as a secret, the Lady having a joynture during the time she continued Wid^r."

"26 Feb. 1745. Rob^t Tayler & Marg^t came into my own apartment, behav'd very rudely, swore sadly, oblig'd me to marry them for what they pleas'd for fear of my life, late at night, by the names above-mention'd."

At page 47 there is a most characteristic marriage of a drummer; and the annexed notes, less objectionable in matter, are of a similar kind:

"On a trial for bigamy, in 1731, Samuel Pickering deposed, 'the prisoner was married at my house in the Fleet to Mr. Humphreys, by Mr. Mortram, a clergyman. I gave her away, and saw the ring put upon her hand, and broke the biscuit over her head.'

"The many opposition marriage-houses, the plying for custom, and scrambling for fees, gave rise to repeated quarrels. The following is from the *Grub Street Journal*, Dec. 12, 1734:

"On Wednesday two Fleet-parsons preferred against each other Bills of indictment for assaults made by brother upon brother; But they both appearing aggressors and scholars alike famous, The jury returned both their bills 'Ignoramus.'"

The accounts of the marriages at the King's Bench Prison, Mint, Savoy, and May Fair, are also replete with curious illustrations of these doings, and of the times in which they were done.

"The same causes which induced people to marry clandestinely at the Fleet prison, no doubt operated with those who married at the King's Bench prison, although from the latter prison being situated in the suburbs of London, but comparatively few marriages were performed there. In the neighbourhood of the King's Bench was a part of the Borough called the 'Mint,' a place of refuge for thieves and malefactors of the worst description; which, with White Friars* (Sir Walter Scott's Alastair), the Savoy, and other places about London, claimed certain privileges, and held out the advantages of a Sanctuary to all debtors, thieves, and malefactors. At this place marriages were performed, and amongst the Fleet registers are three registers of King's Bench and Mint marriages."

One of these marriages is of a Wolfe and a Lamb, in March 1723; but the extensive operations at the Savoy of the Rev. John Wilkinson (the father of Tate), who married 1400 couple, and was condemned to fourteen years' transportation for his offence, is perhaps as remarkable a description as any in the book.

* By the 8th and 9th William III. c. 26, the pretended privileges of White Friars, the Savoy, Salisbury Court, Ram Alley, Mitre Court, Fuller's Rents, Baldwin's Gardens, Montague Close, the Minorities, Mint, Clink, or Deadman's Place, were taken away."

"Altho' with pr... there un... Act; be... before a...

On the John W... posed ri... ing him... privilege... parochi... of his p... Savoy, t... for easy... him 'a... ing of a... street-d... day was... were for... he migh... blessed... contente... riage on... sity to... nounced... governm... tices, an... against... his escap... the kitch... to a priv... who w... morning... were in... in his fa... suddenl... made hi... opened... where I... Having... son to p... the licen... Mr. Grib... his auth... be respo... Vernon... by Mr... sisted o... non obli... Garick... the king... upon pa... parties... fourteen... not awa... the Sav... After t... kinson... curate, ... from his... tain of ... himself... did on ... the 16th... years' ... to take... 1757, h... Plymou... attack... A not... Chapel... "Ke... teen ye...

"Although the Savoy was one of those places with pretended privileges, there does not appear to have been any clandestine marriages there until after the passing of the Marriage-Act; the number of marriages for a few years before and after that period being as follows :

1752	15
—53	19
—54	342
—55	1190
—56	63
—57	13
—58	17

On the passing of the Marriage-Act, the Rev. John Wilkinson began to exercise his supposed rights as minister of the Savoy, considering himself authorised to grant licenses as a privilege annexed to the Savoy, as being extra-parochial, and because Dr. Killegrew and other of his predecessors had granted them. The Savoy, therefore, soon became known as a place for easy matrimony, and his marriages brought him 'a profusion of cash, and instead of thinking of a rainy day, all was rat tat tat at the street-door, and a variety of company. Easter-day was crowded from 8 till 12. So many pairs were for the indissoluble knot being tied, that he might have made a fortune had he been blessed with patience and prudence, and been contented with publishing the banns of marriage only. Many persons came out of curiosity to hear such a long list of spinsters announced.' Mr. Wilkinson had hints from government of the consequence of these practices, and at length proceedings were taken against him, and he was accustomed to make his escape over the leads at the Savoy, through the kitchen of the prison (which was then there) to a private door into the chapel, to evade those who were set to watch him. One Sunday morning an alarm was given that the officers were in the church. A general panic ensued in his family; he sent word that he was taken suddenly ill, and could not read prayers, and made his way down the garden to a gate that opened on the Thames, reached Somerset Stairs, where he took a boat and got into Kent. Having arrived there, he engaged Mr. Grierson to perform the marriages as his curate; but the licenses he granted himself, thinking that Mr. Grierson could not suffer for what he, in his authority as minister of the Savoy, was to be responsible for. Very shortly after this, Mr. Vernon, of Drury Lane Theatre, was married by Mr. Grierson to Miss Portier. Garrick insisted on seeing the certificate, which Mr. Vernon obtained from Mr. Grierson, and gave to Garrick, who handed it over to Mr. Carrington the king's messenger. Mr. Grierson was thereupon taken up and tried for having married the parties, was convicted, and transported for fourteen years. In his defence, he said he was not aware of the illegality of the marrying at the Savoy, as he had married his own son there. After the committal of Mr. Grierson, Mr. Wilkinson engaged the Rev. Mr. Brooks as his curate, and continued to derive great profits from his marriages. Considering himself certain of an acquittal, he determined to surrender himself and take his trial, which he accordingly did on the 11th July, 1756; he was tried on the 16th, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. The vessel which was to take him to America sailed early in March 1757, but by stress of weather was driven to Plymouth, where Mr. Wilkinson died from an attack of the gout."

Another worthy was Keith of May-Fair Chapel.

"Keith appears to have been in prison fifteen years. In 1763 he published a pamphlet

intituled 'Observations on the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages,' pp. 32; to which is prefixed an engraving of him as 'The Rev. Mr. Keith, D.D.' A few of his remarks, as connected with the subject of these pages, are as follows: 'Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing, is an old proverb, and a very true one: but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backwards; and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the number of the inhabitants of England.' 'As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, &c.' 'Another inconveniency which will arise from this act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes.' 'I remember once on a time I was at a public-house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls; there was fiddling, piping, jiggling, and eating; at length one of the tars starts up and says, 'D—n ye, Jack, I'll be married just now—' I will have my partner, and

The joke took; and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches—five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage adventure; he at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing, when a fleet comes in, to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors.' He humorously concludes, 'If the present act in the form it now stands should (which I am sure is impossible), be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been the occasion of it, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my chapel, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though not the greatest.' The passing of the Marriage Act put a stop to the marriages at May Fair; but the day before the act came into operation (Lady-day, 1754), sixty-one couple were married there."

With this we shall conclude our extracts; and from those we have made, our readers will be enabled to judge the sort of volume to which we have introduced them. Mr. Wilks's proposed Registry Bill forms a useful appendix; and we may add, though there is much to amuse in these pages, there is also not a little to instruct. Smollett and others have sketched some of the scenes; but we have no where so complete a view of this striking portion of the manners of the times. How much they are changed! Instead of these unions, we have political unions, trades' unions, unions for the repeal of taxes: the world grows older; are men wiser or better?

Russell's History of Modern Europe. New Edition; with a Continuation, terminating at the Election of the first Reformed Parliament of Great Britain, in 1632. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.; Whitaker and Co., &c.

THIS book is a very handsome reprint, with additions, of a well-known standard work. The paper is very good, and the typographical part of the business has been neatly and accurately executed. The history of the original work terminates at the peace of Paris, in 1763; from which point the writer of the Continuation, to which we mean to confine this notice, sets out. The style is clear and unembarrassed throughout; but the author is too fond of incorporating quotations in his narrative; which, however suited to the familiarity of epistolary composition, and the airiness of comedy, is, in our opinion, beneath the sober dignity of history, which should never permit itself to relax into a smile. The man who sits down to record the progress of historical events, to point out the influence which circumstances exercise over the character and political prospects of nations, to analyse the motives which apparently sway the principal actors on the busy stage of time, and to deduce for the benefit of posterity those conclusions which the experience of the past may fully warrant, has, of all writers, a task to execute the most difficult and the most thankless. The poet has it in his power to transport his reader into the realms of imagination: the resources of wit, luxuriant imagery, description, fanciful or exact, and ornamental diction, are at his command; he can at one time elevate the soul by sublime appeals to the loftier feelings, at another melt it in tenderness by working upon the softer emotions of the heart; at his bidding the brow contracts with indignation, the chest swells with pride, the eye is dimmed with the tribute of compassion, the lip curls with scorn, the cheeks glow with shame, the chin is dimpled with smiles. The moralist may console himself for the jeers of the profligate and unthinking, by the reflection that his well-intended efforts for the support of the social fabric are, at least, appreciated by the virtuous and reflecting portion of the community; while the natural philosopher and the votary of mathematical science are secure, that the result of their labours will please many, and offend none. But the historian has not this consolation—

"Incedit per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso!"

he has to pass through a fiery ordeal of passion, prejudice, and interest, opposed to him; from which he rarely, if ever, escapes unscathed. We do not remember any distinguished writer of history, more particularly such as have undertaken to give an account of events which were yet fresh in the recollection of their readers, who was not assailed with all the weapons of obloquy, and hunted to his grave with the war-shout of party. One party or the other he must displease; the odds are, that he offends both. It is on this account that it is so dangerous to play with such edge-tools as satire: he who gravely recounts what has passed, may point out error or warn from crime, without exposing himself to the suspicion of being more pleased with the opportunity of conveying censure, than grieved at the conduct which he reprehends; while the man who sneers at delinquency weakens his own authority, and appears in the light of a partisan instead of a judge. The disapprobation of an arbitrator pierces like a highly tempered weapon; time rolls on, and the wound heals; but the inveter-

tive of a foe is a barbed arrow, which is ever rankling in the flesh, and poisoning the fountains of the blood. The impartial historian may defy the malice of his contemporaries, and look for his great reward in the tribute which will be paid to his memory by later generations.

The writer of the Continuation before us must not expect universal approbation. He has had to record the most momentous period in the history of the world. The fierce war between the feeble dotage of despotism and the growing strength of democracy in France; the first tremendous revolution; the struggles of demagogues, the battles of nations; internal discord, external triumph; the desolation of famine, the agony of despair; exile, proscription, the guillotine; military ascendancy, iron tyranny, and a lavish profusion of life: these are topics which it requires an able and an honest pen to illustrate. Who can find a parallel to the union of nations against Napoleon—to the terrible battles of Leipsic, and the dreadful contest of Waterloo? Nor is it the least difficult part of the task to point out the progress of domestic events, subsequently to this, in the different nations of Europe; and to shew how the war of opposing principles, receiving its impulse from the French Revolution, rages in the midst of peace. In these, as in other parts of the history, we can conscientiously award the writer the praise of having endeavoured to be impartial, and of taking considerable pains to inform himself of the state of facts. We are rather surprised, however, to find (*vide* vol. iv. p. 256,) that he should be so ignorant of the customs of the House of Commons as to assert, that when the speaker has to give the casting-vote, he is expected to gratify the people, meaning the opposition, rather than the court (meaning the ministry), by his decision. In this case he always gives it for the motion before the house. In the House of Lords, in case of an equality of votes, the motion is always negatived. This variance in the practice of the two houses is in perfect harmony with the elements of our constitution; the Commons representing the democratic principle of progression, the Lords the conservative principle of caution. With this friendly correction, and an extract of the character of George III., we take our leave.

"In the language or the opinion of his admirers, 'the late king had an excellent understanding, and was a good judge both of men and things. His talents for government were respectable, and he exercised them with the happiest effect, even in perturbed and critical times. Having traced in his mind the outlines of royal duty, he filled up the intervening space with the skill of a political artist. In entering upon the American war, he was actuated solely by a sense of justice: he thought himself bound to curb the refractory spirit of the colonists, and to use force when persuasions and remonstrances had failed. Into the war with revolutionary France he was impelled by an idea of imperious necessity, as the career of the democratic opposers of Louis menaced the best institutions of other countries with subversion; and such was his firmness, that he was not deterred from his object even by the long-continued success of the enemy. With equal resolution, he checked the effervescence of zeal among the votaries of reform in Great Britain, and saved the state from that mischief which would have been produced by the schemes of profligate and violent Jacobins. He also displayed his spirit to advantage, when the Whigs at different times endeavoured to subject him to their sway. On the other hand, when conciliation was ex-

pedient, and when the voice of the senate corresponded with that of the people, he could yield with a good grace and with dignified complacency. His private character was so exemplary, that it may be quoted as a model of virtue. He was attentive to religious observances, both public and private; correct in his own morals, and studious of the morality of others; mild and unassuming in his demeanour, courteous, gracious, and affable; humane, beneficent, and liberal; while he was temperate and economical in his personal habits. In short, his conduct, both as a king and as a man, deserves the highest praise, and entitles his memory to our esteem and veneration." From a different estimate of royal merit, it would appear that 'this monarch was not highly favoured by nature; for his understanding was narrow, and his talents did not soar above mediocrity. If he had moved in the ranks of private life and of ordinary society, he would not have been considered as any other than a man of very limited powers. His acquirements from education were also scanty and imperfect. His mother was of opinion, that his *book learning* was altogether insignificant; and it does not appear that his studies were well directed, or pointed to pursuits worthy of a prince. He was not properly tutored in history or in politics, nor was he guided to an intelligent survey of the affairs of the world, or the characters of mankind. He could manufacture a button, or draw the model of a house; but could not write a tolerable letter: he could comprehend a plain statement; but could not understand a complicated argument, or enter into the *rationale* of the English constitution. He fell in his youth into the hands of bigoted Tories, who, having no expansion of intellect, only inspired him with high notions of royal supremacy. Thus instructed, he had no leaning to those principles which had placed his family on the throne. He had imbibed an unfavourable opinion of the advocates of freedom as Charles II. entertained of all mankind: he fancied that they were base and unprincipled, and deemed his power unsafe in the hands of such statesmen. He did not possess that comprehensiveness of mind which could fathom the depths of policy, or qualify him to govern like an enlightened prince: yet, by the aid of common sense, unperverted, he might have governed much better than he did. The American war is a foul blot upon his fame, not only for its original injustice, but for the mischievous consequences to which it led, as the parent of the French revolution. Many will think (and it is difficult to disprove the inference), that no prince who had a due sense of religion or of equity could have rushed into such a war, or have prosecuted it with such unfeeling obstinacy. To ravage a country with fire and sword, and send savages, like blood-hounds, to hunt down his colonial subjects, because they were desirous of being governed by the constitutional maxims of the mother-country, were not the acts of a pious, just, or benevolent prince. Nor can the war with France, which the late king carried on with equal zeal, be defended upon equitable principles. He had no right to violate the independence of another state, or to dictate terms of accommodation at the point of the bayonet. Nor can the outrageous attack upon the Danes, in resentment of the armed neutrality, or the bombardment of their capital for their wish to retain their fleet, be fairly or honourably vindicated. Other acts of arbitrary violence, the effect of which no courtly sophistry can elude, rise up in appalling array against the memory of our late sovereign, although he was styled

the 'best of kings.' His character as a man has been warmly extolled; and he has been termed an excellent husband, father, master, and friend. As we do not dispute his general good nature, we do not decidedly contradict these effusions of praise; but we may hint, that he would have been a better father if he had repressed the licentiousness of some of his sons, instead of encouraging their wantonness of dissipation by large grants and pensions; and we may also observe, that his boasted liberality, which was not very splendid, was displayed with little inconvenience, as his debts were constantly liquidated on demand by a compliant House of Commons. Your own reflection, my dear son, aided by what you have read or heard of the acts and conduct of this prince, will enable you to judge of the comparative credit due to these statements."

Three Weeks in Palestine and Lebanon. 12mo. pp. 137. London, 1833. Parker.

THOSE who, like ourselves, have for years past either waded through heavy, uninteresting volumes, or else have had to peruse the light, ephemeral productions of the day, will be able to judge of the pleasure with which we perused the little unpretending volume now under our notice. It is, we are informed, the production of a young clergyman, the curate of Hillingdon; and it does no less credit to his good sense and good taste than to his religious principles. Presented by the author to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we regret that it has hitherto escaped our attention, as it certainly was deserving of an earlier notice, and has, we believe, been extensively circulated without that aid.

A journey to the Holy Land must always be full of interest to the general reader, but infinitely more so to the devout Christian; for the latter will have his best feelings awakened, and his faith confirmed, by comparing his Biblical descriptions of places and events with those which he actually sees before him. His heart will warm as he visits the Mount of Olives, not only at the recollection of the extraordinary events which took place there, but even on viewing those trees which, from their apparent age, might have been, and probably were, those which flourished at the time of our Saviour's visit to them. Indeed the present state of Jerusalem, and of its former inhabitants, offer one of the strongest proofs which can possibly, we think, be produced of the truth of Christianity. Our author has added his testimony to that of others in regard to the *locale* of this interesting place, and we must confess that we are glad to see a young clergyman employ his time and talents in elucidating such a subject. The following extract will shew the state of his mind on visiting Bethlehem:—

"Upon entering the lowly scene of the Messiah's birth, I sank instinctively upon my knees, under a deep sense of my unworthiness, and of the infinite magnitude of that mercy which induced Him who in the beginning was with God, and was God, to veil the glories of the Godhead in our miserable nature, that he might live to teach, and die to save, so undeserving and insignificant a being as me. 'Lord! what is man that thou shouldst regard him?' What is he compared with thee? Daily do we tread under foot thousands of living creatures of which we take no note; yet, in the scale of creation, there is a measure of comparison between us and them; but between the Almighty Creator of the universe, which was, and is, and is to come, and finite man, the dis-

tance is so incalculably vast, that, in contemplating the nature of that great Being, the mind, lost in the never-ending expanse that continually opens before it, shrinks back upon itself with a trembling, conscious sense of its own comparative nothingness. That such a Being should have condescended to visit a polluted world in human form, reconciling it unto himself by suffering the penalty of its guilt in his own person, is an event so vast, so wondrous, that, were it not for the overwhelming evidence mercifully afforded us, its very immensity might lead us to doubt its truth. But supported as it is by proof, that none but the wilfully blind can refuse, how full of hope, and consolation, and joy, is it to those, who, feeling sensibly the wants and imperfections, the sorrows and confinement, of this brief life, sigh after a renovated nature and a boundless sphere of existence! It is the life-boat to which the soul clings in the wreck of humanity, which, ever buoyant, shall bear it triumphantly through the storms and waves of this troublous world to that land which can alone satisfy the aspirations of a being made for immortality."

Our author's account of an interview he had with one of the fathers of the Greek church at Jerusalem is very interesting, and his parting with him is thus described:—

"When he rose to bid us farewell, one of my companions kissed his hand in token of his respect, upon which he appeared much affected, and threw his arms upon his neck and blessed him; a simultaneous impulse seized us all, and we eagerly pressed forward to receive his parting benediction. The words of Esau rose to my lips, 'Bless me, even me also, oh my father!' He embraced and blessed us all. I felt as if I were receiving the blessing of some patriarch of old; and his Asiatic costume, venerable appearance, and full grey beard, favoured the illusion. 'We shall not meet again,' said he, 'we shall never meet again in this world; but, I trust, through God's mercy in Christ, we shall meet yonder'—pointing to the skies as he spoke,—and so he departed. Peace be with thee, good old man! The single bright green spot on which memory loves to dwell in that wide waste, the sole oasis in that moral wilderness! May thy prayer be heard! May we, indeed, meet once more in the heavenly Canaan, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest!"

We will give only one short extract more. It is the author's account of his first view of the ruins of Baalbec.

"The last rays of the setting sun, ere he sank in a flood of glory behind Lebanon, were gilding the upper portion of the temples and columns, while the gradually encroaching shadows of the mountains had thrown the gigantic platform upon which they stood into obscurity. The colossal magnitude of this enormous mass, the effect of which was heightened to sublimity by the uncertain light, filled the breast with the deepest impressions of awe. It appeared the work of some mightier being than man. The Cyclopean remains in Italy dwindle to nothing in comparison; while above, shooting up into the twilight, rose the columns of a later age,—so light, so beautiful, so exquisitely proportioned! The contrast was wonderfully striking. It was Ariel mounted on a mammoth's back."

If we have any regret to express in regard to this little work, it is that it has been so much compressed. Nothing but the author's modesty could have induced him to have suppressed many little incidents which must have been pleasing to the generality of readers, and with

which he must have met in a journey so full of interest.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.

Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. 12mo. pp.208. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THIS pretty little volume, which comes forth in a uniform quite military, scarlet and gold, is full of variety and instruction. A delightful autobiography by William Howitt commences the work—than whom we know no one who more pleasantly adapts his style to juvenile readers; and this story is followed by several others, among which we must particularise "The Young Emigrants," "The French Schoolmaster," and "The Huguenot Exiles." We give the following anecdotes of birds, the two first by Mary Howitt, the last from "Anecdotes of Hawks and Hawking:—"

Of a Raven that went to the Fair.—"After Ralph had practised his thieving, and indulged his love of secretion for some years, all his hoard came one day suddenly to light. He had buried it in, as he thought, a cunning hole that he had made in the thatched roof of a barn. His treasures grew and grew, and the hole had been deepened and deepened till it was as deep as the thatch itself; and then all his accumulation fell through on to the barn floor. What an endless variety of articles were there!—thimbles, small pieces of money, balls of cotton, knitting-needles, curtain-rings, one or two gold rings, a brooch, sleeve-buttons, two salt-spoons, a mustard-pot lid, combs, little old housewives, pincushions, hair-pins, buckles, and all the multitude of small things that abound in the houses of tolerably wealthy people. There was a world of amusement in the owning of the various articles of Ralph's treasury; and many an old forgotten friend was brought to light; and many another was found of which nobody could give any account at all. The winter after this event poor Ralph came to an untimely end. Somebody had made him, of scarlet cloth, a comb and wattles, like those of a chanticler, which he allowed to be put on him, and seemed to wear with as much pride as a young soldier his new uniform. Shortly after this event, there chanced to be a fair in the neighbourhood, and as several of the family went to it, Ralph saw no reason why he might not go there too. Off he flew after them, and making his arrival in the very height of the fair, perched upon the roof of a house which stood in the very midst of the bustle. In a moment he was descried, and supposed to be some new and wonderful bird; every body, therefore, was desirous of securing him. Unfortunately a man with a gun was at hand, and to make sure of so strange a creature while he was within reach, the gun was aimed at him, and poor Ralph and his glory fell together. Hardly had he reached the ground when his old friends of the farm came up with a crowd which had been drawn together by the firing of a gun, and recognised their old favourite."

How a Bulfinch died from Joy.—"There once was a bulfinch kept by a lady which was so extremely attached to her as to exceed any thing of the kind I ever knew. Her presence created a sunshine to him, and he sung and rejoiced with his whole heart when she was by; while he drooped in her absence, and would sit silent in his cage for whole days together. The lady fell sick and was confined to her bed for a week with so severe an illness as to be entirely disabled from thinking of the bird. At length when she was sufficiently recovered to see him, she ordered

his cage to be brought and set upon the bed beside her. The poor bird knew her voice in an instant, though it was weak and low with her extreme fever. The cage-door was opened; he uttered a shrill cry of joy between a song and a scream—fluttered from her hand to her cheek, and fell down dead in a moment. * * *

"When I was a little girl, my brother had a young sparrow-hawk which he brought up with great care, perfectly tame. It was, you may be sure, a great favourite with all the household; and as often as it pleased flew into the parlour when the window was open, to visit his master; or sat at the kitchen door, watching with his bright eyes the movements of his friend the cook, from whom he always expected to get a piece of meat. He also seemed inclined to be very sociable where he was not equally welcome, as you shall hear. We had a great many fancy pigeons, and the hawk seemed determined to make intimate friends of them: when the pigeons came to be fed he came also; which, you may be sure, scared them all away in the first instance, but in a short time they gradually became accustomed, and at last consented to eat with him. He then pushed his intimacy still farther, and when they retired to the dove-house at night he chose to make it his dormitory also. This was a little too much for the timid pigeons; the Fantails spread their wings and departed; the Pouters pouted in fear; and the Tumblers tumbled out of the house as fast as they could, leaving the hawk in solitary possession of the pigeon-house. For they preferred sleeping in the cold moonshine to having so formidable a companion; arguing together in the spirit, if not in the words of Pope, who says:—

'Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smite with her varying plum-ge, spare the dove?'

Notwithstanding this cold reception, the hawk persevered in his attentions to the pigeons, and at length they became so entirely reconciled to him, that he always received his meat when they received their grain. He was also to be seen attending them in their morning and evening flight round the house and garden; perched upon the chimney tops or roof of the house; basking in the sun with his timid friends, as if he had been one of those soft-eyed and harmless creatures, instead of a sharp-beaked and fierce-eyed bird of prey. His keen eyes and his keener talons, however, were no longer feared by his associates the pigeons, and he was their constant guest; still, notwithstanding this seeming gentleness, his education had not entirely changed his ferocious nature, which very soon afterwards shewed itself. 'Oh! he eat up the young unfledged pigeons I guess,' said Henry quickly. 'No, indeed,' replied Miss Mertoun, 'you accuse him wrongfully; he was neither cruel or treacherous to his friends; he never hurt a feather of their soft wings—never touched the little unfledged things whilst their parents left them in search of food: but, on the contrary, he seemed to guard them in their helpless state. So much attached was he to his companions that, when we confined him as an experiment, he appeared so very unhappy, and made such piteous cries for deliverance to every one who came near, that we were obliged to give him his liberty again, and away he flew to his old companions. But I must tell you now how his natural ferocity broke forth. My brother one day brought home a small horned owl which he had wounded in the wing; we put him into a hencoop, and tended his wounded wing with the greatest care; and it soon got so much better, that we thought he might be allowed a little liberty

and fresh air, and accordingly let him out in the garden. No sooner, however, did our old friend the hawk get a sight of the owl, than he fell upon him most unmercifully, and whenever they met a determined battle ensued. The owl defended himself well, and the moment he saw the hawk coming, would throw himself on his back and await the attack; and in this position, by scratching and biting, he would sometimes almost gain a victory. We were in hopes that after a little time the two birds of prey would become better friends, but this was never the case; the hawk never met his rival without attacking him, so that one day, when the owl's wing was quite well, he decamped, not liking, I suppose, the continual drubbings he got from his enemy. The hawk still lived peaceably with the pigeons; but a few months afterwards he came to a lamentable end; which, alas! is too often the fate of pets."

We know an instance of animal domestication in the case of a hare. It was in an old Welsh hall, where the timid creature was the constant and unmolested companion of dogs of every kind; only when strangers of the canine race made their appearance, the hare used to retreat to the window-seat; otherwise she took her share of food, or place by the fire, with equal fearlessness and security.

We must add the following touching and sensible picture from an affecting sketch, called "The Children of the Poor," by the same author whose first tale we have commended:—

The Little Bird-clapper.—"I once saw a little fellow of this sort, who stirred my sympathy exceedingly. It was a cold, raw, foggy day in February. The wet hung in myriads of drops on the hedges, and the dampness of the air clung about you with a dispiriting chillness. I was passing through Sherwood Forest, and across a farm brought into cultivation in the midst of its solitary waste. As I passed a tall hedge, I heard a faint, shrill cry, as of a child's voice, that, alternating with the sound of a wooden clapper, sung these words:—

'We've ploughed our land, we've sown our seed;
We've made all neat and gay;
So take a bit, and leave a bit—
Away, birds! away!'

I looked over the hedge and saw a little rustic lad, apparently about seven years old, in his blue carter-frock, with a little bag hanging by his side, and his clapper in his hand. From ridge to ridge of a heavy ploughed field, and up and down its long furrows, he went wading in the deep soil, with a slow pace, singing his song with a melancholy voice, and sounding his clapper. It was morning. There was something in the appearance of that little creature in that solitary place, connected with his unvaried occupation, and his soft and plaintive voice, that touched powerfully my heart; and, as I went on, I still heard his song, fainter and fainter, in the deep stillness. I came back in the evening, seven long hours afterwards. The twilight was closing in; yet, as I rose over a slight hill, that weak, melancholy voice again reached my ear. All that weary day, that lone, weary, little creature had been traversing that field, with his melancholy song and his dolorous clapper. Never did I feel a livelier pity for any living thing! At the same moment I met a little girl, and I saw by the earnest expression of her countenance that it was his sister. 'What little bird-boy is this?' I said. 'It is my brother Johnny, sir,' she replied. 'It is the first day that he has ever worked; but my father said it was time now that he did something towards getting his

living; and so he made him a clapper as he sat by the fire at night; and my mother made him a bag for his dinner; and he was very proud of his job, and thought he was going to be a man; but a neighbour who passed this afternoon and asked him how he liked his task, said he was crying; and that he said the silence frightened him; and he wished himself at home again—and so I am going for him; and I daresay he is tired enough!'

Among the poems we must mention some very lively "Holyday Rhymes" by Captain Macnaghten; and conclude by congratulating the fair editor.

Zschokke's Popular History of Switzerland; from the German, with the Author's subsequent Alterations of the original Work. By W. H. Howe, Ph. D. 12mo. pp. 658. Frankfurt O. M., 1833. Sauerländer; London, Ackermann.

WE have no good history, scarcely any history at all, of Switzerland in the English language; and we therefore receive this book with great satisfaction. It is replete with stirring incident and interest; and no European nation can fail to enter warmly into the various fortunes of the heroic Swiss mountaineers, from the junction of the Helvetians with the Cimbri, before our era, to their last independent confederation of twenty-two cantons, enclosed by the Alps and the Jura, in 1813-15.

We need hardly look to the days of Tell for any illustration of the character of this volume as it regards events of old; the destruction of Plurs will serve our purpose better:—

"Natural calamities, however, appeared as the precursors of those engendered by the destructive passions of man. In the valley of Chiavenna, which belonged to the Grisons, and which, like Valteline and Bormio, was administered by a governor, was situated, at the foot of the mountain Conto, the opulent little town of Plurs, with its numerous churches, palaces, and pleasure-gardens. It enjoyed a thriving trade, particularly in silk, of which more than twenty thousand pounds were annually manufactured. On the 4th of September, 1618, after several days of violent rain, a portion of the mountain of Conto gave way, and buried in its fall a great number of the adjacent vineyards. The shepherds hastened off to Plurs to announce, that for some years considerable clefts had presented themselves in the mountain, and that the cattle had often fled, bellowing, from the spot; others asserted, that in the neighbouring villages swarms of bees had abandoned their hives, and afterwards dropped dead from the air. These timely intimations were, however, disregarded by the people of Plurs, when towards nightfall a trembling of the earth was felt, accompanied with a dull rumbling noise, which was succeeded by a dead stillness. The bed of the river Maira continued dry for two hours, and as day approached, the sky was strangely obscured with dust and vapour. Plurs and the village of Cilano had disappeared, having been buried by the fallen cone of the Conto mountain, the soil of which formed a layer a hundred feet in depth over the dwellings of the inhabitants, and concealed, like an enormous grave, the bodies of two thousand five hundred victims. The tidings of this calamitous event was received with horror in the adjoining Valteline; their neighbours' fate, however, was soon forgotten in the measures they were projecting to avenge the death of the pious Rusca. A like feeling also pervaded the Grisons, on learning of the dreadful destruction of Plurs;

but there, too, the absorbing passion of party-rancour soon consigned the event to oblivion."

Internal divisions and party feuds have ever been the bane of Switzerland; nor does the present aspect of affairs prove that they are much amended by the experience of the past, or the new lights of our boasted era. We quote the conclusion, as an effective *coup d'œil*:—

"Such are the events of the past, in which, as in a mirror, we behold the secrets of the future. It was neither the arrow of Tell, nor the poniard of Camogask, which severed the bonds of Swiss servitude. The independence of the confederation was achieved, neither by the battle of St. Jacob, nor by that of the Malserhaide; a struggle of 500 years only could secure freedom at home, and establish independence abroad. The men who assembled in the Grutli, and, under the maple of Trun, only gave the signal for the sacred contest. When the luxurious pride of the other cantons had corrupted the simplicity of Uri, the confederates no longer blushed to fill the places of the expelled governors and their deputies, nor to prefer having subjects and bondsmen, to associating with free fellow-citizens. At Stans, when the venerable von der Flue appeared before them, they mutually swore to guarantee to each other a perpetual dominion over their subjects. And when Toggenburg entreated the acceptance of its ransom, they despised the honourable proposal. They were willing to accord liberties, but not liberty to their subjects. Hence the virtue, intelligence, and increasing wealth of the people appeared at length more formidable to them than open defiance and revolt. But what the hand of contemptible selfishness had bound, was destined to be by itself again dissolved. The world saw with astonishment that that which had rendered the Swiss powerful and renowned—their unanimity and indissoluble league—was now despised and betrayed by themselves. The cantons, forgetful of their ancient affection, hostilely strove against each other, and courted the favour of foreign states. The champions of liberty became enslaved for the gold chains of princes; the frugal sons of the Alps sold on unknown plains the blood of the people for hire, and their own voices in the senate for sordid presents. The manly spirit of the ancient statesmen degenerated into the timidity of an oligarchy, which converts the affairs of the nation into secrets of state. At the moment, however, when the governments had almost wholly alienated themselves from the nation, the people severed from them. No empire ever owed its fall to the virtues of its citizens. The ancient league, frequently infringed, sunk to utter dissolution. That God, however, who had upheld their fathers, watched also with unceasing compassion over the children. And as a fruitful rain gushes from the stormy thunder-cloud, so from this tempest of the political horizon arose the freedom of the whole Swiss nation. Over a surface of about 4,500 square miles, between lake Lemman and the lake of Constance, there now exists (a thing before unheard of) a population of two millions, composing twenty-two commonwealths, all enjoying freedom and independence. It is true that, compared to the power of other states, the strongest of these republics is feeble and insignificant. Still will the least of them, by the union of the whole, be invincible, as long as every member of the confederation fears less to encounter another Grandson, Murten, and Frastenz, than the artifice and gold of a patrician Zoppo, or of a

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Bishop Schinner. The enemy before whom a Swiss heart should tremble comes neither from Germany nor France. The most formidable adversary of our freedom and independence—if he again appear—will spring from the midst of ourselves. But he must be made to bear a mark that all may know him. It is that man who prefers the credit of his own canton to the lasting glory of the whole confederation—his own private and transient interests to those of the whole community. It is he who fears the sword worn by a free people, but not the flattering words and presents of kings and their ambassadors; he who openly declares. Let silence be enjoined to the journals, and mystery to the teachers of youth. Place your money out to interest, and do not squander it away on armies and military establishments. Close the council-chamber, and let not the people hear our proceedings. By this means shall we become lords and masters, and the people our slaves. It is he who sows distrust between the Catholics and Protestants; who raises prohibitory barriers between one canton and another; and who seeks to restore that enervating selfishness, that family ambition, that pride of pedigree, and all those warring corruptions which overwhelmed the ancient confederation in blood, in defiance of Neuenegg and Rothen- thurn. One great lesson, however, we have learnt; it is, that right and justice are far more powerful than force; that the happiness of each individual family is only safe under the law of liberty; and that the liberty of the whole springs only from the independence of the confederation. But this independence rests not on papers with imperial and royal assurances; its foundation is of iron—our swords. The genuine Swiss nobility must spring from the churches and schools of the people. The true wealth of the state must consist in the prosperity of every family. The great arsenal of the confederation must be the armories of its citizens; the transactions of the parliaments and popular assemblies must resound in the ears of the whole nation. By these means will a noble public spirit scatter, like a celestial fire, the rubbish of civic and cantonal egotism. It was neither the arrow of Tell, nor the poniard of Camogask, that severed the bonds of Swiss servitude. The independence of the confederation was achieved neither by the battle of St. Jacob, nor by that of the Malsers- haide. The men who assembled at Grutli, and under the maple of Truns, gave the signal only for the sacred contest. Confederates! we combat for it still. Our descendants will combat for it over our graves. Be wary, lest ye fall into temptation. Let your trust be in God. Your watchword: All the confederates for one, and each for all!"

Memoirs of Marshal Ney. Published by his Family. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bull and Churton.

To the military reader these volumes will be very attractive. The career of a man who, like Marshal Ney, fought every step of his way, is, to the soldier, an encouragement as well as a study: to the more general reader it has much variety of incident, and presents an animated picture of those troubled and fearful times when war made desolate more than half Europe. We select a few specimen passages. Is the following story of an English general quite apocryphal?

"He was with the army of the north. Encounters with the British cavalry were frequent, and sometimes valuable captures were made.

Ney had just been promoted to the rank of captain; ardent, daring, and eager to distinguish himself, he one day charged with such impetuosity, that with his small detachment he passed the British lines and camp. A squadron of English cavalry appeared; he attacked and dispersed it, and eagerly pursued an English general officer whom it was escorting. The latter, surprised at this determined pursuit, made no attempt to defend himself, but preferred treating. 'Here,' said he, 'is a purse full of gold: take it, and let me go.' The French captain smiled at the proposal, and this encouraged the English general to press his offer. 'You are surrounded by our forces,' he continued, 'and you must be taken prisoner. Do better; remain with us, and your fortune shall be made; your promotion shall be rapid, and you will serve your own princes.' 'Really, this is going too far,' Ney replied with indignation, placing his sword upon the other's breast: 'you offer me money, and propose that I should desert my colours. Now, you shall desert; and that, too, in the presence of your own army. You must charge with me through your own ranks; and if you attempt to escape, that moment shall be your last. Follow me, my lads,' addressing his hussars; 'forward!' So saying, he gave his horse the spur, overthrew every one who opposed him, and passed once more through the English ranks, thunderstruck at seeing one of their own officers charging side by side with the French captain. Ney brought his prisoner in triumph to the head-quarters of the French army; the latter quite confounded at his silly adventure. 'Keep your money,' said Ney to him; 'I might perhaps be justified in taking it from you, but you will want it more than I shall. Another time, however, be more circumspect when you attempt to parley.'"

Distress of the French Army.—"Ney, who had been for several months on the banks of the Lahn, naturally belonged to the latter army, which was to have contained forty thousand men, but was reduced to a mere handful of soldiers. Nor were these in a fit state to enter upon a campaign; one had no musket, another no bayonet—and what was still worse, the whole of them, worn down by a long agony of want, displayed no appearance of regularity, order, or even primitive organisation. Coats in rags, waistcoats of different materials, rent breeches, and gaiters of all colours;—such was the condition and appearance of these patriotic soldiers, cruelly pinched by hunger, and yet most ardently devoted to their colours. In vain did the superior officers interfere to alleviate the sufferings of their men; if their exertions were sometimes successful, and they obtained a little forage from the administration, the quality of the article was so bad that it was really not worth the trouble taken to procure it. If ready-made articles of clothing were given out, the shoes were not sewn, or the cloth had never been wetted; thus, the former fell to pieces at the commencement of a march, and the coats burst on the first shower of rain. If the materials were demanded instead, it was still worse; the applicants were made to come and go, and wait, and the most tedious and painful solicitations often remained unanswered. The stores were distributed throughout the territory of the republic; each town had its well-filled warehouses, and yet none contained all the different items of a soldier's dress and accoutrements. At Cologne, there were plenty of coats, but neither waistcoats nor breeches; there was at Mayence a large store of stout leather for soles, but no upper leathers. There

were shirts at one place, stockings at another, gaiters at a third. The same confusion reigned in the ordnance department. At one place there were swords, but no belts; at another plenty of cartridge-boxes, but nothing to hang them upon. If an officer overcame the disgust he felt at such a system, and made an application in behalf of his men, he would generally receive an order on the stores of Liege, or Brussels, or any other place than the one he was at. If he required, for instance, fifteen hundred coats, he was obliged to send for them at a great expense; and then, perhaps, instead of obtaining what he wanted, he received only a few yards of cloth to clothe a whole brigade; or blue cloth was perhaps given him for the coats, but no red to make the facings; or if there were red cloth, there was no white, and nothing for linings; in a word, the delivery was never complete. All this was monstrous; but it must in justice be stated that the government was not alone the cause of it. The conscription had just been adopted; it was the only mode of recruiting the army which the local councils had left to the government; and the formation of the list of conscripts, as well as the examination of all claims to exemption, was intrusted to the communal administrations. Now, it is well known what lukewarm zeal is always shewn by the municipal magistrates in such cases; and to this cause of delay was added another equally powerful. The treasury was empty; and the minister, obliged to meet an immense consumption, had only national property and delegations at his disposal. If horses were wanted, a delegation was offered upon the door and window tax; if new clothes were required, a domain was offered in payment. For arms and stores the same means of purchase were proposed. But, be the cause what it might, the state of absolute wretchedness to which the troops were reduced rendered their situation most deplorable."

The following history embodies a most characteristic portion of what we familiarly call the horrors of war, but of which we, in reality, know so little:—

"I arrived at Coire on the 13th of Floreal, at ten in the evening, and found every body in the greatest consternation. The peasants of the vale of Disentis, those of the valleys of Medels and Maderanerthal, and those of the Italian bailiwicks, had risen in open rebellion. They had assembled in great numbers, and were forcing the peaceable inhabitants of the other villages to join them, on pain of seeing their houses burned, and their families massacred. That which was at first only a spark, soon became a dreadful conflagration. The fanatic people followed the torrent, became partners in the excesses of the peasantry, and co-operated in an unheard-of refinement of barbarity. * * * The officer, Salomon, in spite of his confidence, became alarmed, and assembled the municipality, to whom he expressed his surprise and uneasiness at this rising. But he again suffered himself to be deceived by the treacherous mountaineers, and was satisfied with the assurance given to him that this vast assemblage had no political object, and that the shepherds who swarmed around him had met for no other purpose than to repair the bridges on the Rhine. As the confusion, nevertheless, went on increasing, he once more became alarmed, and again convoked the municipality. It was now only five o'clock in the afternoon, and night was not yet nigh. The protestations made in the morning were, therefore, again renewed; Salomon again yielded credence to them, and contented himself with

throwing the responsibility of passing events upon those who brought them about. The soldiers, having been invited to the fête, spent the remainder of the day in imprudent libations; but when night came, some of the insurgents entered the dwelling of the commandant, and ordered him to surrender his sword. He then felt how fatal his foolish confidence was likely to prove, and asked a thousand questions, to which no reply was made. As he delayed delivering up his arms, they were taken from him, and he was escorted to the convent. The officer was now in safe custody, and the troops dispersed; the insurgents, therefore, no longer fearing a combined action, or an organised resistance, threw themselves upon the French soldiers whilst they were carousing, and beat and otherwise ill-treated them. Some of them were killed in defending their arms; the remainder were placed in the corridors of the convent."

A proclamation having been issued by the French generals, calling upon the insurgents to deliver up the ringleaders, the narrative proceeds:—

"This proclamation produced the best possible effect upon the peasants; and before we reached Trons several communes had already submitted. The same thing occurred at Disentis, the municipalities throwing themselves upon our generosity. They expressed regret and repentance for the foul crimes which had been committed. We were here upon the exact spot where humanity had been so cruelly outraged—we were here opposite to that hateful building in which a hundred and eighteen Frenchmen had been slaughtered; and we could still behold traces of that blood which ought to have been shed only in defence of the commonwealth. I know not what may have been the feelings of our soldiers, but it required all our ascendancy over them, and all the vigilance of their officers, to prevent them from committing the most violent excesses. This was not, however, the most affecting part of these bloody recollections. The inhabitants, alarmed at our approach, had carefully put out of sight all that could serve as evidence of their guilt, or even of their participation in the crime which we came to punish. They had taken from their dwellings every thing that denoted an act of violence. The arms and clothes of their victims were shut up in a cellar of the convent. The door of the building was broken open, and our men rushed with precipitation into the dark passages leading to these relics. Good God! what a sight! muskets, clothes, and belts, pell-mell, formed a pile six feet high. Whilst the soldiers, in a stupor of grief, were contemplating these trophies of the good faith of the mountaineers, six light infantry soldiers appeared who had escaped, as by miracle, from the fury of these barbarians. They had succeeded in gaining the wood, and had eluded every search made to discover them. Having at length perceived us driving before us the ferocious shepherds, they had come from their place of concealment to resume their arms and baggage. One perceived the coat of a friend slaughtered before his face; another raised the cap of a grenadier whom he had been unable to defend; a third recognised a knapsack; a fourth a cartridge-box. The silence was profound, the emotion general; at length, an old soldier sprang forward, and seizing a belt with a sort of nervous convulsion, fell down in a swoon. At this instance of grief, no one placed any further restraint upon his feelings, and groans, and sobs, and tears, served to express the most painful emotions. The scene

was dangerously affecting, and might have kindled the rage of the men, had I not put an end to it by making them withdraw, and ordering the doors of this horrible place to be closed. On inquiring into the cause of this insurrection, we were informed that it was solely the work of the priests; that these fanatics had published a statement that the Austrians had taken possession of Lucisteig and Davos; that General Lecourbe had no further place of refuge, and that the last hour was arrived of the French in Helvetia. Among the atrocities committed, we learnt that the French officer in command had expired after several hours of torture; that his sub-lieutenant had one of his legs broken, that he was afterwards thrown upon a sledge, where he was exposed to the blows and abuse of this savage people; and that he died after a long and painful agony. A storekeeper had escaped from the fury of the multitude; but his wife, still in the confinement of child-bed, together with her infant babe, remained in their hands. He returned to deliver them; but he was perceived, seized, and brutally mutilated. In this state he asked for a priest; one came, who declared to him that his death was inevitable, that the people insisted upon it, and that he could not possibly escape. The unhappy man, still not discouraged, begged that a second priest might be sent to him, and then a third. But neither of these ministers of the Gospel would exert any influence to save his life. They all told him, that no kind of subterfuge would avail him, and he must submit to his fate. At length, after thirty-six hours of suffering, he was shot, notwithstanding the supplications of his wife on her knees, who held up to the view of the murderers the innocent babe in her arms. Being repulsed with violence, she was herself dreadfully outraged, and escaped with her life in consequence only of the approach of our forces. We gave this unfortunate woman a thousand francs, as a first aid in her deplorable situation. The moment of retribution had now come. An example was necessary, and it was considered that the destruction of the very place where the revolt first broke out would best serve as one. We accordingly assembled such of the inhabitants as had taken but a slight share in the revolt, and these, together with the women, children, and old men, we ordered to withdraw; we then set fire to the village and convent. We, however, attempted to save the house of a member of the provisional government of Rhetia, and also that of a widow, who had shewn kindness to the French. The wind was too high, and we did not succeed; but we saved the goods of these houses, and put a guard over them. Nothing was missing. Several leaders of the insurgents, among whom were two monks, were concealed in the village. The fire forced them to leave their place of concealment, and they were taken and shot. The communes were not very severely treated. They had plundered the military chest, and carried off three months' pay of the soldiers; they had likewise damaged the corn deposited in the convent. We, therefore, laid a contribution upon the most culpable, and thus forced them to repair the damage they had caused."

Anecdote of his Marriage.—"In the village dwelt an old couple, who had been married half a century; Ney clothed them, and made them receive their second nuptial benediction on the same day, and at the same altar with himself and his young bride: thus marking his own marriage by an act of benevolence. 'These old people,' he observed, 'will recall to my

mind the meanness of my own origin; and this renewal of their long union will prove of happy augury for my own.'"

We cannot but advert to the very fine words used in the French despatches. Hoche winds up one, complaining of a want of broth or ptisan, by exclaiming—"O virtue, how great is thy power over the heart of a French soldier!"

And the accession of the emperor is thus announced to the army:—

"The French monarchy has crumbled to pieces under the weight of fourteen centuries; the noise of its fall has alarmed the world, and shaken all the thrones in Europe. France, abandoned to a total subversion, has, during ten years of revolution, undergone all the evils which could desolate a nation. You have appeared, citizen general, radiant with glory and surpassing genius, and suddenly the storms have blown off. Victory has placed you at the helm of government: justice and peace are seated by your side."

The name of the marshal's second son, who himself superintended the work thus published under the authority of his family, gives these pages a better guarantee for authenticity than the generality of French memoirs, where party spirit and dramatic effect are more easily to be found than truth. These volumes bring down Marshal Ney's life to the campaign in 1805.

The Naturalist's Poetical Companion: with Notes. Selected by a Fellow of the Linnean Society. London, 1833. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THAT the true source of poetical inspiration is nature, we have strong evidence in this little volume. Its contents, however, call for no particular notice at our hands, being a mere selection of verses from the works of a few well-known poets of the past; such as Herrick, Drayton, Wither, &c., mixed up in a large, and perhaps unfair, proportion, with verses extracted from the published works of the most popular writers and periodicals of the present day.

The selection has either been made with extraordinary taste and felicity, or else there is an evident inspiration in the contemplation of the works of nature; for as a volume of light and pleasing poetry we scarcely know of any which exceeds the one before us. To the latter cause we feel inclined to ascribe its manifest excellence, although we must bear testimony to the judicious notes of the editor, which considerably enhance the value of the poems. An Hibernian friend at our elbow compares the pages of this volume to an old-fashioned chintz curtain—"Full of birds and flowers meeting."

We cannot pass over the aim of the collection without commendation, as we know of no publication more likely to awaken in young minds a keen relish for the wonders and beauties of creation; nor in those of more advanced years a volume better calculated to keep alive all the pure feelings of the heart.

Ware's Sunday Library. Vol. II. Lives of Philanthropists, Vol. I.; John Howard. By Mr. John Farrar, author of "Congo in Search of his Master," &c. Cambridge, U.S., Brown, Shattock and Co.; Boston, U.S., Hilliard, Gray, and Co.; London, O. Rich.

We have already, and favourably, noticed the first volume of this American periodical, following the example of its English precursors; and we must add our testimony in praise both of

the subject before the public, the precious humanity; into excess produce long as s

The Troise on various matters of the Cane, Smith. This was much as activation tion der which revenues indigo, reputa lication

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the subject and the execution of the present publication, as an excellent pattern to be set before the youthful mind. Howard's life is precious in the eyes of philanthropy and humanity; and, if not injured by being carried into excess, his principles and practice must produce most beneficial effects upon society, so long as society exists.

The Tropical Agriculturist: a Practical Treatise on the Cultivation and Management of various Productions suited to Tropical Climates. By George Richardson Porter, author of "the Nature and Properties of the Sugar-Cane," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 429. London, 1833. Smith and Elder.

This work is important and valuable, inasmuch as it is a complete treatise on the cultivation of a variety of articles of consumption derived from the vegetable kingdom, from which this country draws very considerable revenues. Mr. Porter's details are minute and interesting, particularly his account of coffee, indigo, and tea. The author has justified the reputation which he earned by his former publication as an able planter and scientific botanist.

The Romance of History: England. By H. Neele. London, 1333. Bull and Churton.

The first volume of the new edition, with clever illustrations by T. Landseer. The original has been justly prized, and will no doubt continue to be still more widely acceptable at its cheaper rate, with these pleasing additions.

Valpy's Shakspeare, Vol. XIII.

KING LEAR (which we hope to see Macready play this season) illustrated by Smirke, Fusell, and West; and Romeo and Juliet, also sweetly embellished, form the contents of this volume; than which one of superior attractions has not appeared in the series.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame. By Victor Hugo. *Standard Novels.* Bentley.

WE rejoice to be assured that the publisher has attended to our advice, and produced a new edition of this work, with the objectionable passages expunged, at considerable expense. Our voice was but the voice of the public, which will not sanction or endure deliberate impropriety.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE usual meetings of the Society for the session 1833-4 commenced on Wednesday evening; David Pollock, Esq., one of the vice-presidents, in the chair.—A number of communications, valuable in the branch of mechanics, were laid before the meeting, and referred to their respective committees.

The following is the arrangement adopted for the illustrations during the present session: Nov. 12. On the causes and prevention of mildew, by Mr. Lindley.—Dec. 10. On ancient warlike engines, by Mr. Wilkinson.—Jan. 14. On the manufacture of fire-irons, by the same.—Feb. 11. On the machinery lately invented for the preparation of ship-biscuit, by Capt. Bagnold.—March 11. On detergent substances, and the manufacture of soap, by the Secretary.—April 8. On marble, and its adaptation to ornamental purposes, by Mr. C. H. Smith.—May 13. On coins and medals, by Mr. Wyon.—June 12. On the theory of rivers, by Mr. Palmer.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Linnean Society held on Tuesday their first meeting for the season, at the Society's house in Soho Square. The chair was taken at eight o'clock by Mr. Lambert, vice-president. Various specimens in botany from all parts of the globe were laid on the table; but those which attracted most attention were some beautiful canvass, cordage, twine, thread, duck, drill, damask table-linen, towelling, and sheeting, manufactured from the New Zealand flax for Mr. Swansborough and Captain Harris. This may probably hereafter render us independent of supplies from Russia, and even at present may be advantageously imported.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

COLONEL SYKES in the chair.—This Society goes on most prosperously. The following is an abstract of the monthly report read at the meeting on Thursday. The balance in favour of the institution at the 1st of November, 626*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*; visitors to the garden and museum during October, 12,416! The warming apparatus in the circular aviary has been put up; and the works having been completed in that building, the occupation of it has been commenced by removing into it many of the smaller birds from various parts of the gardens. The land-tortoises have also been placed in one of its least heated compartments, where it is hoped they will winter well. The building for small quadrupeds is finished internally, and will be occupied almost immediately. The pheasant aviaries are also completed. The works, therefore, may be regarded as nearly at an end for the present year; and the council have the satisfaction of stating, that it will not be necessary during the winter to seek accommodation elsewhere for any portion of the animals which have been kept at the gardens through the summer.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

WE have too much respect for our national medical school, and too much regard for many members of the profession, not to see with infinite regret the very silly turmoil that has been excited by certain proceedings about the Aldersgate Dispensary. With the dispute in question we are not disposed to meddle; for who shall decide when doctors disagree? Whether the medical men or the subscribers at large shall perpetuate the profits and dignities of such institutions, we shall leave to be determined by the benevolent who support them; but it is surely a melancholy thing to find so much intemperance, so much quackery, and so prodigious an appetite for the display of public speaking, disinterested virtue, self-laudation, and condemnation of all out of their own pale, among the *élite* of a liberal and a learned body, whose studies and efforts, to be wisely and beneficially, ought to be far differently directed. To listen to their tirades, one would really imagine that the entire system of medical skill, honour, knowledge, and integrity in England was involved in this paltry squabble—this storm in a wash-hand basin. The ludicrous Tom-Thumbery of the thing must amuse, while it annoys their brethren on the outside of the tempestuous utensil. We daresay that fifty good physicians can yet prescribe as well as ever, though they have taken no side in this disputation of clubs and societies; and that there are yet a multitude of well-informed and clever practitioners as useful to society as before, who have not delivered speeches on the occasion, nor quarrelled with friends, nor abused candidates, nor

indeed done aught but what was sensible and temperate in the common path of their duty.

NATURAL HISTORY.

EVERY lover of natural history, and especially near London, is acquainted with the beautiful collection of the late Mr. Haworth, who unfortunately fell a victim to the malignant cholera; and we are sure we are doing a general service to the science when we notice its principal objects, and state that they are to be disposed of by private contract.

There are four cabinets of entomology, containing 200 drawers, corked and glazed; the insects scientifically arranged, and in the highest state of preservation. One contains British and foreign Lepidoptera; allowed to be the most perfect of its kind in England, or perhaps in Europe. Two others contain chiefly the orders Hymenoptera, Diptera, and Neuroptera; the latter being very rich. The fourth cabinet consists entirely of a well-arranged collection of Coleoptera: the British species being distinguished from the foreign.

Of shells there is one cabinet, containing twenty-four drawers, with numerous loose specimens. Of Crustacea there is an extensive collection, scientifically arranged; and another cabinet, consisting of sixteen drawers, contains a collection of Echini, Asterias, &c. Of fishes there are twelve glazed cases, comprising about 150 specimens. The library consists of above 1600 volumes, chiefly on natural history; and there is a fine herbarium of about 20,000 species, glued, named, and scientifically arranged: the whole in excellent preservation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Wednesday the Royal Society of Literature held its first meeting for the session at its house in St. Martin's Place; the Rev. Dr. Richards, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. Presents were acknowledged, and the names of new candidates suspended for future ballot. Mr. Hamilton read an extract from a letter from Sir W. Gell, mentioning the arrival of Mr. Wilkinson in Italy, on his way home from his long sojourn in Egypt; and announcing a fact of great interest to the philosophical inquirer. Mr. W. had procured means to ascend the famous statue of Memnon; the musical wonder of more than two thousand years, and the subject of so much ingenious speculation. And he had discovered that all these learned theories were like that of the different effect between live and dead fish in a vessel brim-full of water: *i. e.* without the fact on which to raise the hypothesis. In short, Memnon has not emitted sounds in consequence of the rays of the sun falling in any direction upon his morning head; but in his mighty breast there is inlaid a sonorous stone, and by it a concealed niche in which was placed a man with an iron rod to strike the stone, which consequently emitted those mysterious and priestly sounds which helped to uphold the solar adoration and the wonder of an ignorant and idolatrous people!!! The statue itself had been broken, probably by Cambyases, and afterwards repaired; but the secret was taken good care of.—Another very interesting letter from Mr. Dawkins was read, giving an account of the latest researches in Greece and their products; especially in Athens, where some curious inscriptions, and other portions of the marbles in the British Museum have been found; of which we shall give the particulars in next *Literary Gazette*.

TURKISH LITERATURE.

WE have sometimes the pleasure of recording compliments and marks of esteem conferred by foreign sovereigns on eminent literary and scientific natives of this country; but we do not remember ever having such a statement to make, more congenial to our own feelings, than we now have in mentioning an act of the Grand Seignior, distinguished as that monarch is by a spirit of intelligence, and enlightened beyond his times. Our readers may recollect, last year, the eulogium we bestowed on Arthur Lumley Davids' Turkish Grammar, and the sorrow we afterwards expressed at the untimely death of this learned and accomplished youth. This book was dedicated by permission to the Sultan; and the mother of the author has just received a grateful though melancholy proof of the sense entertained by that exalted personage of the merits of her lamented son. The Reis Effendi has presented a magnificent diamond ring to Mrs. Davids, with a letter, in which the monarch speaks of the dedication, and hopes that the gift, though small in itself, will be regarded not on account of its own value, but on account of the donor! Could any thing console the parent bereaved of such a son, this illustrious acknowledgment must at least carry a balm to her heart. As a tribute to English literature we also rejoice in it.

KING'S COLLEGE.

THE session of 1833-4 has commenced in due order. Last week Professor Seddon opened it by delivering an able lecture on the Oriental languages, of which we do not offer a report, because the subject has been so largely discussed in several Reviews and other papers in the *Literary Gazette*, that we could not avoid much repetition.

Mr. Spurrier, the newly appointed professor to the chair of law and jurisprudence in this Institution, which had become vacant by the death of the late Professor Park, delivered his inaugural discourse on Tuesday evening, before a numerous audience, consisting, for the most part, of gentlemen connected with the profession. The leading feature of Mr. Spurrier's address was the importance of lectures as a medium of instruction in the principles of law, as well as in those of any other branch of science, and he stoutly combated the prejudice which, to a certain extent, obtained, he said, in this country against it; maintaining that there is nothing more likely to ensure the attention and the attendance of a student, than a course of lectures which he has once begun; inasmuch as the loss of a single lecture will be a connecting link broken in the chain, which will render the rest comparatively valueless to him. In proof of this assertion, the professor adverted to the much more efficient state of legal education in England in former years, when there existed lectureships and readings at the universities and various inns of court, which the students were compelled to attend, and where they were made to go through a regular initiation and examination in the principles of the science before they were allowed to practise; thus ensuring to the public the guarantee which, in return for the confidence they reposed in the practitioner, they had a perfect right to demand, that no precaution should be neglected on the part of the courts.

In pursuing his parallel between the past and present system of legal education, Mr. Spurrier, while deprecating the latter, did not impugn individuals, but systems; and although

he admitted that there was a species of guarantee to the public in the probation which the law student has to go through in the chambers of the practitioner, still he contended that it was not of that rigorous nature which they had a right to expect; for owing to the avocations of the practitioner himself, however great might be his desire to impart knowledge to his pupils, still his opportunities of doing so were necessarily few and far between; and the student being thus left in great measure to his own resources, would, unless he were gifted with an extraordinary degree of application—and even then his knowledge would be confined to cases and to precedents rather than to principles—at the end of his apprenticeship be in any thing but a fit condition to be called to the bar; while, moreover, his mind being thus left to prey upon itself, he would of necessity become exposed to all the allurements of pleasure and to dissipation. “Far be it from me,” said the professor, “to condemn a course of private reading,—on the contrary I highly approve of it; but the solitude of the chamber imparts not the knowledge of the lecture-room, and where, however great the student's assiduity, however great his progress, he will still, in assimilating his ideas of practice to the principles from which they are deducible, find himself at fault. Knowledge of principles, not of technicalities, is the essential he requires; and this is only to be obtained by combining in close union the reflection arising from a course of private reading, with the stimulus and competition incidental to a course of public instruction; and how is this so well to be attained as by a series of lectures, extending not to one branch only, but to all the ramifications of our laws?” The professor, by way of comparison, touched briefly upon the laws of other countries, particularly of America, which, substantially derived from our own, had, he said, at the same time, in many instances, become models, which we had not deemed it beneath us to copy. The science of law, to a certain extent, he maintained to be inseparable from any free and liberal system of education; and it was to be hoped that, in this respect, we should no longer allow ourselves to be outdone by other nations. In the progress of his discourse, the professor took an opportunity to pay a passing tribute to the merits of his predecessor, which elicited a burst of applause from his hearers. He was warmly greeted both on entering and leaving the room; and we think that the fluency and animation with which he delivered himself, augur favourably for his success as a lecturer.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY

COMMENCED their session for 1833-34 on Monday the 4th of November; Dr. Elliotson, president, in the chair. Mr. Drew, the curator, read a paper on the development of a skull put into his hands for his opinion respecting the probable character of the individual to whom it had belonged, as far as could be ascertained by an examination of the skull. The correctness or otherwise of his observation is proposed to be proved at the next meeting of the Society by an account of the individual's life and habits, as known to a member of this Society. Several presents were laid on the table, as also casts of the head and skull of Captain Nichols, who was lately executed.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.

ON Monday week, Mr. Atherstone delivered a lecture at this institution, “on the Importance of the Study of Elocution.” He first

adverted to the advantages which the possession of this art furnished to persons in the habit of appearing before the public as orators, more particularly when the aspect of the present times indicated that the influence of mere wealth was becoming subservient to the power of intellect. The orator, it was observed, was superior to the writer, in the capability of producing direct and strong impressions on those around him; while this effect, through the agency of that wonderful instrument the press, could be diffused even among distant nations far removed from the sphere of the original impulse. As an accomplishment, too, it would be found fully equal to many of those usually taught as necessary parts of education; for the art of reading well, if more generally studied, would be found to afford far more gratification than cards or mere profitless conversation. The qualifications for becoming an orator, of course included natural talent; but even this, without due cultivation, would fail in placing the possessor at a high elevation in the art, though without it commanding eminence could hardly be expected. The illustrations selected by Mr. A. were few; viz. a passage from the defence of St. Paul when arraigned before Agrippa; the verses descriptive of the Battle of Waterloo from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*; and the commencing verses of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The lecture was distinguished for beauty of expression and imagery, not less than for the propriety of its arguments; and was listened to with marked approbation.

After the conclusion the president addressed the meeting with reference to a subscription which had been entered into a few evenings before, by the members, for the purpose of obtaining more suitable premises. On that occasion upwards of 250*l.* were subscribed, and many donations for the same object had been since received; nearly eighty new members, it was also stated, had joined the institution since the commencement of the present quarter; and the necessity for increased accommodation became therefore every day more apparent.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE absolute site of this building has again, we observe, become a subject of public discussion, which we had hoped would not be the case, after the decided expression of public opinion had checked the builder's foolery, and given sufficient warning that the Job would be watched through its progress to its consummation. We rested assured that the objectionable line of frontage had been *bonâ fide* altered, as we know that the new model was greatly improved, and agreeably to our suggestions too, though they were taken so much in dudgeon by Sir Peter Wilkins, Artist to the Gallery, and Author of Letters to the Journals, &c. &c. But we have reason to doubt that good faith is intended to be observed on the first of these essential points, for the index-poles of the promise have been removed; and on looking at the excavations for the foundation, yesterday, we could not help remarking that they were much in advance of the assured position. If this is meant, it is really too gross an insult to every decent feeling to be tolerated; and the architect may indite epistles for ever, quibbling between official communications and merely private statements to the worthy Vicar of St. Martins, before he will get the metropolis to sanction such miserable trickery. If we can have such an outrage upon taste, science, and open proceeding, perpetrated, even after all the

notice it has provoked, the interference of men of the highest rank and influence, and the popular voice expressed at public meetings, we may well despair of ever seeing the capital of England adorned by a public building worthy of the age and country in which it is erected.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

[Fifth and concluding notice.]

WHAT is called "The Water-colour Room," besides the range of enamels by Mr. Bone, which we have already mentioned, contributes its full quota of attractions. Amongst these,—

No. 434, *The Monitor*, F. Stone, stands eminently conspicuous, as well for the grace and beauty of the females, as for the sentiment, conveyed as it is by the elder of the two, in the most expressive and touching look and action that can be imagined; while the harmony of the colouring, and the character of the accessories, are in perfect accordance with the subject.

No. 366, *The Duenna*, J. M. Moore.—Distinguished by the same elaborate and careful finish noticed by us in Mr. Moore's former works. The features and look of the malignant Duenna exhibit a striking contrast to the lovely sleeping girl, of whose clandestine correspondence she is obtaining possession.

No. 399, *Style the Banns*, J. J. Jenkins.—In a style equally clear, finished, and beautiful, with the last-mentioned performance. If the site had been a bower, or under the shade of a green tree, instead of the pew of a church, the action and expression of the lovers would, however, have had more propriety.

No. 359, *French Lancers*; No. 472, *The Skirmish at Drumlog*, H. Martens.—It is but recently that we have become acquainted with the name and works of this clever artist; although it is evident that much practice must have preceded the excellence which manifests itself in the character and execution of these performances. There is an originality in the treatment of the subjects which, united with the fidelity of the costume and of the accompanying circumstances, places the scene of action before the spectator with all the apparent reality of a portrait, or an academic study. The handling is singularly free and masterly; and would be injured by any additional labour.

No. 432, *An old House*; a *Study from Nature*; No. 446, *The Pottery at Bellisle*, G. S. Shepherd.—Picturesque in character, solid in execution, and brilliant in effect.

No. 439, *The Pilgrim, a Sketch*, Mrs. L. M.; No. 441, *Grape-Gleaner, in the Vineyards of Médoc, South of France*, T. Uwins; No. 437, *A Group of Birds, after Hordekester*, Miss M. Atkinson; and No. 436, *Portrait of a Gentleman*, W. Gush; possess qualities which well entitle them to hold that distinguished place, the mantle.

No. 474, *The Interior of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, designed from the description of it in the 10th book of Pausanias, &c.*; No. 458, *The Interior of the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia, designed from the description of it in the 5th book of Pausanias, &c.*; and No. 484, *The Interior of the Parthenon at Athens, attempted to be restored from the descriptions of it in the 1st book of Pausanias, in Pliny, and in other authors*. J. L. Bond.—These splendid revivals, while they shew the character of ancient architecture, at a period when the arts are considered to have reached their highest perfection, also shew the talents and knowledge of the modern artist to whom we are indebted for them. It is abundantly manifest that such

magnificent re-creations must have emanated from a mind of great power, highly cultivated by education, and improved and enlarged by travel and study; a mind, indeed, capable of imagining the simple grandeur of Waterloo Bridge; for which noble structure, the admiration of every native and foreigner of taste and judgment, Mr. Bond gave the design. Why, it may fairly be asked, have not such abilities and acquirements been further developed and called into action? The answer we sincerely believe is merely, that Mr. Bond does not possess the organ of obtrusiveness.

A further display of native talent may be found in this room, under the names of Turner, Nicholson, Warren, Hardwicke, Childe, Watts, Pearsall, Vickers, Ince, Lines, Holland, Phillips, Chambers, &c.

On the whole, we think a more varied and gratifying view of the British school of art, past and present, could hardly be brought before the public; who, we trust, will reward the efforts of the Society to accelerate the progress of taste, not only by visits and purchases, but by liberal donations.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

At a meeting on Monday, Mr. John Gibson the sculptor, and Mr. Thomas Uwins, painter, were elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Seventeen Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1834. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

ALTHOUGH we cannot say that we think the Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1834 are, as a whole, quite equal to some of those for former years, we can with perfect justice state that they still form a highly attractive collection of plates, and that there are examples among them which have never been surpassed in beauty. We will, according to usage, run through the series.

"Title-page." Stothard, R.A.; ornamented by Corbould. A charming Charity, grouped with Mr. Stothard's accustomed taste. The decorations are elegantly appropriate.—"Mary." Painted by W. Buxall; engraved by C. Heath. A graceful girl of seventeen reading a billet-doux. The clearness of the half-tint in the flesh, and the treatment of the white drapery, are admirable.—"Palace of La Belle Gabrielle, on the Seine." Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by W. Miller. "Florence." Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; engraved by R. Wallis. Mr. Turner never ought to make the figures so principal in any of his works as in the first of this pair; the second is, in every respect, one of the most exquisite little plates that ever came under our notice.—"Love is the best Physician." Painted by Destouches; engraved by J. Goodyear. When the picture was exhibited at the British Gallery we spoke of it with the approbation it deserved. Mr. Goodyear has preserved the expression of the different countenances with marvellous skill.

—"Sappho." Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by F. Engleheart. Mr. Howard's design is much more chaste and pure than was his subject.—"Bertha." Painted by H. Briggs, R.A.; engraved by F. Bacon. This is certainly not one of Mr. Briggs's most fortunate compositions: the straight line is not that of beauty.—"The Storm." Drawn by C. Stanfield, R.A.; engraved by J. Cousen. The sea running mountains high; a noble vessel on her beam-ends, fragments of wreck, with wretches clinging to them; such are the materials of Mr. Stanfield's admirable drawing, to which

Mr. Cousen has done great justice.—"The two Barons." Drawn by G. Cattermole; engraved by C. Heath. A design of great firmness and force: it is evident that the conversation is full of interest to the parties engaged in it. Charmingly engraved.—"The Proposal." "First Affections." Painted by E. T. Parris; engraved by C. Heath. Two female forms of great grace and delicacy. The accessories are introduced with Mr. Parris's usual skill and taste.—"The Merchant and his Daughter." Drawn by — Nash; engraved by C. Rolls. In other words, Shylock and Jessica, with Lancelot Gobbo in the back-ground:

"I am bid forth to supper, Jessica!
There are my keys."

We do not know whether or not Mr. Nash will consider it a compliment, but we mean it for one, when we say that at the first glance we took the composition for one of Mr. Smirke's.—"The Widowed Bride." Painted by Eliza Sharpe; engraved by J. C. Edwards. A beautiful and elaborate design.—"Amalie de Bonfleurs." Painted by B. R. Faulkner; engraved by C. Heath. Equally fascinating in conception and in execution, this little print reflects the highest credit on both painter and engraver. It is a perfect gem.—"Beatrice." Painted by Miss F. Corbeaux; engraved by J. Goodyear. Tasteful and spirited.—"Milicent." Painted by G. S. Newton, R.A.; engraved by C. Heath. A pretty little French coquette at her toilet.

Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Part III. Tilt.

AMONG the strongest attractions of the five beautiful plates of which this part consists, are, the happy management of the heraldic and antiquarian ornaments of "Branksome Hall," engraved by J. Cleghorn, from a drawing by J. H. Nixon; and the pensive, yet lovely, expression of "Edith," engraved by W. H. Mote, from a picture by W. Mulready, R.A.

The public attention has been a good deal attracted lately to the disputes connected with this work between Mr. Turner and Mr. Tilt. We are of opinion, with Sir Roger de Coverley, that "much may be said on both sides." When Mr. Tilt, as a publisher, gave a hundred and odd pounds for the plates which had been used in the illustration of "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," it was, of course, with the intention, either of having them re-touched, or of having a new set engraved; and the sellers must have been aware that such was his intention. On the other hand, Mr. Turner, as an artist, is entitled to take care that his professional reputation does not suffer in the transaction; and nobody can deny that, however skilful the engraver, a copy of a copy must inevitably be divested of much of the spirit of the original. The error seems to have been in allowing the old plates to be disposed of as such: they ought to have been broken up, and sent to the coppersmith's.

Twenty-one Illustrations to the Picturesque Annual for 1834. From Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE noticed these beautiful Illustrations in the 875th No. of the *Literary Gazette*. The proofs, which are now on our table, confirm us in the high opinion which we then expressed of them.

The Pictorial History of the Bible; consisting of Engravings from Paintings by British Artists. London, M. Arnold.

As it appeared in parts we warmly recommended this publication; and now that we have the first series complete in a handsome volume,

containing forty-two subjects, we think it still more deserving of praise and encouragement. The whole effect is good; good to impress these Scriptural subjects upon the mind, and good to shew the talents of British artists, as they have been exercised upon themes more exclusively cultivated in foreign and Roman Catholic countries. De Louthembourg, Hamilton, Artaud, Stothard, Northcote, Opie, Woodforde, Paye, Westall, Reynolds, Cuming, West, Cosway, Pelegrini (*quere?*), Smirke, Kirk, and Bourgeois, are all contributors to the excellent design; and the variety of their works, even where they do not reach very high in art, renders the study of the whole exceedingly interesting.

Taglioni as the Bayadere. Lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a Drawing by A. E. Chalon, R.A. London, Ackermann; Paris, Rittner and Gaupil.

Most sylph-like and aerial, the graceful and affectionate Bayadere looks unutterable things. About the drawing of her left arm we are not assured; but these gay elemental creatures of the dance, and the most perfect of them all is She, do assume such forms and attitudes as to set all critical judgment at defiance. This is a charming representation of the chief favourite of the popular eye and heart.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS ON THE NORTHERN EXPEDITIONS.

I.
"WHAT specks of darkness in this world of snow
Appear?" the spirits of the frozen zone
Might ask each other, when—a sight unknown
To their regard—two ships, with motion slow
Through the white waste and solid billows go:
And now they rest, and, as deep Night comes on,
All signs of life from their huge bulk are gone.
The stars above, the steadfast plains below,
Are not more silent. Has the breath of Frost,
Which whitens o'er them in a stiffen'd shower,
Benumbed them into trophies of his might?
Pierce the mysterious calm, ye spiritual host!
This stillness is the energy of power,—
This darkness but the womb of mental light.

II.
Dark ship, fast fetter'd in the Polar Sea,
O'er whom a half-year's night doth grimly lower,
The mightiest monument of human power
Fades, and is nothing when compared with thee!

What! veil the pyramids?—Mortality
In its most loathsome aspect. Dome and tower
Oft are but records that the great devour
Earth's feeble children, and enslave the free.
Thy treasures are the living and the brave;
Hearts that keep watch o'er hope's pure trembling flame, [still]
And warmly beat where nature's pulse stands
Thou shalt decay! yet, on the glassy wave
Thy path shall write imperishable fame,—
A nation's wisdom and majestic will!

III.
We prate of solitude in gentle phrase;
But 'tis an awful power. Behold her throne
Midst ever-during ice, where e'en a stone
The sense of utter loneliness allays,
As having once been seen in human ways.
How horrible to wander here alone!
Instead of mortal voice, to hear the groan
Of parting icebergs!—All around to gaze
And see, for nature's sweet familiar shows,

Only her wild illusions—boreal light,
Mock suns, and spectral shapes!—Yea, to dwell here

With an associate band, and here repose
Through the long darkness of one polar night,
Is fame, is wonder, and a deed of fear!

IV.

What if they fail'd?—'Twas glory e'en to dare
The proud achievement. Tens of millions brood

O'er human life in one penurious mood
Of paltry thought and miserable care.
Then shall not these the palms of triumph wear,

A guiltless wreath, by slaughter unimbrued?
For not by their own minds were they subdued,

But by the banded troops of sea and air.
Who yield to Nature are true conquerors—
The loftiest war not with the will of God.
What if th' Almighty from our baffled eyes
Closed winter's realm with adamant doors,
That, being ignorant of our own abode,
We might revere the secrets of the skies?

C. H. TOWNSHEND.*

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

RESCUED RECORDS. NO. VIII.

(Supposed to have been written by a XX-Marine under his present Majesty.)

THE END!! Mr. and Mrs. L. tête-à-tête.

"ALL things must have an end, madam."
"Yes, sir; even the world, though it is round, must have an end." "But, madam, it was intended the Thames Tunnel should have no end." "You see, sir, they were deceived; for it has twice come to a watery end, besides which it has now an end in the middle." "Three ends, madam, sound strange;—but these Records have three ends—" "One, sir, I suppose, in the middle, like the Tunnel, which accounts for people not being able to see through them." "That, madam, would be giving them credit for a middling end, which is perhaps more than they deserve."

Fine Arts, &c.—There has been much sneering at the fine arts of the English, but to me it seems with evident injustice; for every unprejudiced man, who knows aught of their tastes, must at once admit, that, whatever other arts they neglect, they are great patrons of the fine arts. As a proof of this, behold the number of hair-dressers, tailors, milliners, dress-makers, &c. &c. all famous for the fine arts. And look at Moore's Almanac—his readiness in foretelling fair weather should surely be ranked with the fine arts. Then there is the common informer, who, if not an animal of great intelligence, certainly gives frequent proof of his information; at the same time displaying a deep knowledge of the fine arts. But it is absurd to defend the English against the charge of neglect, while facts to the contrary might be adduced almost without number (perhaps quite, says O). Let us, then, hear no more complaint on this score: it is a shameful libel against the Bulls; for hundreds of them devote themselves to the canvass with great ardour, particularly at parish and parliamentary elections; and their attention to the palate is undeniable.

I must confess, however, that they are guilty of some faults connected with this subject; yet not that of neglect. Many ladies paint more

than is considered proper; for it is not thought quite correct for them to have their faces painted, except in portrait; and this they may have done in various styles and dimensions, from the size of life down to a very small kind of portrait, which from its usual little resemblance is properly called a miniature likeness. While on this subject I would just remark that, though a title bestowed only occasionally by his majesty, I think the portrait-painters generally, from the numerous ugly faces which come under their pencils, might with much justice dub themselves "Painters in Ordinary!" I must further admit that, from what I have observed of their designs, I think it would be a great advantage to many artists if they, like the surgeons, could get an act of parliament for the supply of subjects. I do not intend to say this applies in all cases; for if there is a want of variety in painting in water-colour, it cannot be said of water-colour painting; as the liquid element is sometimes made white, sometimes blue, sometimes green, and in fact almost every other colour.*

But if any thing can shew the injustice of the charge of a natural want of love for the art which is brought against these people, it is the fact we gather from history; there it is plainly proved that they had imbibed this taste at a very early period; for, however indelicate we may now consider the state in which they were discovered, we must still admit that the ancient Britons were found to be painters! And, as I have before hinted, the practice has been kept up to this day by many ladies on the round-the-corner side of forty. But I suspect it is not the women alone who, by making their faces blush on the wrong side of the skin, continue the custom; for while they try to keep it secret by doing it themselves, there appear to be certain places where the other sex have it done for them, as I have frequently seen it announced over shop-fronts that "BROWN AND CO. OIL AND COLOUR MEN." I do not know whether the same parties tar and feather them. This I at first thought a strange trade; but I expect it is a kind of tailoring peculiar to the people; for I have sometimes heard respectable tradesmen say (having, I suppose, more than they wanted of this sort of clothing), that they were going to give their shop a coat of paint—which, of course, must have been a great coat. But even in this the usual inconsistency on the equality score peeps out; for it seems the luxury of being painted is confined exclusively to the rich, while the poor debt-beset plebeian is glad to get off with being "whitewashed!"

It must further be observed, that the ladies are particularly good judges of colours; but though they like fast colours, they have a decided objection to those that run; as is well known to the linendraper, who, to please their fair customers, are, like chameleons, continually changing their colours, and if not actually worshipping them, at least treating them like idols, by making "Great Sacrifices!"

Apropos of colours.—There has lately been a wonderful stir about the Burkers, who appear a horribly degenerated set of beings; for in Johnson's time the Burkers were far more numerous, and were all known to study the Sublime and Beautiful. But as no further interest or terror is to be excited by these pitch-dark pitch-plasterers, I would recommend that the dyers should be looked after, since it is notorious that they cause many men to dye in their houses daily. In fact, without the police having been troubled to bring the dark deed to

* We have pleasure in giving place to these poetical effusions of a popular author on so interesting a subject. We observe that Ross's cook has died this week in London. He was fifty-eight years old, and had been sickly.

* A specimen of Marine criticism!

light, I can myself relate a melancholy case of a young man who was unexpectedly brought to his end in one of these shops.

Thomas Scrubbs was the son of decent parents, and at the time of which I am speaking had not long been in business on his own account, and in the same shop where his father had many years got his living by dying; for, as "the connexion" was all in that neighbourhood, Thomas thought it better (like a romance hero) to dye on the spot. Thomas was a sober man, drank nothing stronger than bohea, and by temperance and trade was thought a good judge of tea and huc. He was also called fair and good-looking, though by profession a man of colour.

Now Scrubbs scoured, dyed, and lived tolerably happy in his way, till the unfortunate hour that a false-hearted cook came to his shop. She walked in so smartly dressed, that, though a pretty good size, Thomas could not, from her style, think her a kitchen dresser. She was decked out in ample scope of scarlet silk; and as he ogled her, he thought her, if no "blue stocking," at least "a person deeply red." After some embarrassment, and a few attempts to make her face match her dress, she sweetly drew from her reticule some ribands, which, like herself, had evidently been a long while in service. She then smiled orders for their being dyed a nice pink, as they were meant to bow a cap,—and, perhaps, as Thomas delicately hinted, to captivate a beau. This led them into conversation; and so freely and delightfully talked the cook, that Scrubbs soon felt rather flustered and bashful; but still he never blushed, nor changed countenance, for he knew by his trade that a standing colour was best.

Well, to cut off corners, suffice it to say, that before she left Thomas, the cook had made a complete conquest, and given such encouragement to his flame, that in the lightness of his heart, as she bade him adieu, he assured her, not thinking of cooks, he would send the ribands home "well done:"—this, luckily, she did not hear, or she might have expected to have seen them done brown instead of pink.

Alas, that women should be so frail!—though, frail as they are, rich old aunts last a long while, I admit. But what I mean is—alas, that women should be so inconstant! which was the case with this cook, who had but just knocked Thomas all of a heap with admiration and all that, and encouraged his advances till he had almost believed himself congratulated by his mother-in-law. She had not got a hundred yards from his door, when a heavy shower of rain threatened the spotless character of—her silk dress; and as she passed the shop of the butcher who served her master, he took it into his head to serve her, by slipping on his best bit of blue and shiniest, and offering to conduct her home under his Sunday brown silk shower-shelter. This proposal she gladly accepted; while her two beaux in one morning, and the wet, reminded her of that very new saying, that it never rains but it pours.

Again to cut off corners in this round, unvarnished tale,—with shame be it said, before the cook reached her home, so delighted was she with this heavenly rain-beau, that the dyer and his colours were completely driven from her head; and she determined to wed his more fortunate rival as speedily as possible.

Poor Thomas soon learnt how matters were going, and grew exceedingly melancholy; but still fondly hoped the fair, or rather unfair object of his grief would relent. In vain his friends urged him not to think of her; in vain they told him that cooks are never constant to

one flame, but have a fresh one every day; in vain they solemnly warned him, that if he did not resolve to forget her, and to have no more to do with her, she would unexpectedly bring him to his end. For a while it was all of no use—he heeded little of what they said: he never could believe that she, who had seemed an angel, would unexpectedly bring him to his end. Yet, strange to say, this prophecy was so often dinned into his ears by his friends, that at last it actually haunted his sleep; and he unwillingly began to experience fearful forebodings of its being verified.

Meantime, he sent her letter after letter, in the kindest terms of reproach, but to which she never deigned an answer; and at length, waxing desperate, he despatched a fiery epistle to the butcher, containing a full exposé of the cook's base conduct towards him. Unfortunately for her, the buy-buy man was an honourable spark; and no sooner had he spelt out the contents of Thomas's favour per two-penny, than he penned one of an equally hot nature to the gay deceiver. Who shall describe the condition of the poor stew-maker on perusing the fatal and cut-ting letter? The whole of the dinner was dished that day, the cat scolded, and, as she said, all the fat was in the fire. But ah! if the dinner was spoilt, she was determined that Scrubbs should be well roasted. Accordingly, in the evening to his shop she strode, and there found him busily at work at her ribands; but she soon gave him other fish to fry. With direst fury she stormed, and sobbed, and abused him with all the ill words she could muster; while he tenderly pointed to the ribands, and in softest accents declared he was dying for her! This only enraged her the more: not a word he could say would she listen to, but unfeelingly heaped every temper-trying epithet on his carrot-bristled head. At length she ceased for a minute, and glared wildly at Thomas. This he thought a good omen; but, alas! it was only a sort of last look at the mutton before running it through with the spit! for just as Scrubbs was softly addressing her as his dearest, and beseeching her to smile sweetly again, she scornfully screamed in his lug, "Never, never! vile wretch!" and rushing from his shop for ever, she, either by design or accident, suddenly fulfilled the mysterious prophecy, by giving him a dexterous kick in the bend of his legs, which instantly seated him on the floor, and thus unexpectedly brought him to his END!!

F. B. F.

DRAMA.

AFTER a breeze there is a lull. The drama has been very quiescent since our last. At the big joint-houses there has been nothing new, and nothing old worth notice. Poor Miss Atkinson, almost ruined by extravagant puffery, has barely established her claim to the fair consideration which her talents deserve, and at present labours under an inflamed throat, brought on by whole billsfull of burning red letters applied by the quacks. Mr. Warde has been starred as Richard III., Miss Kelly as *Violetta* in *She would and she would not*, and Mr. King in every thing; and so great has been the competition between Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that you might, any night, have accommodated the audiences of both most conveniently in either, and sometimes have almost put the rival house in too into the bargain; for *Lee Boo* continues to be as attractive as ever; people will run in crowds to cry over the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; and those who love laughter have *Jane Shore* to laugh at. It is enough to

make the public swear that Shakspeare and the legitimate drama won't do; only the Victoria, under many disadvantages, is a cheering example of the contrary. At this theatre Mr. Butler has supplied the place of Warde; and Butler is an actor whose abilities were very scurvily put aside—*shelved* they call it. We always esteemed him an acquisition to the stage, and now he will have opportunities of proving it in good company.

HAYMARKET.

THE season draws to a close next week. Of all its later productions we have spoken highly, and public opinion has confirmed the sentence. Farren, with all his previous fame, has had opportunities of taking a step or two on the uphill of popularity; Strickland, always laudable in the esteem of the judicious, has also confirmed and extended his reputation; Webster has proven himself a thorough Haymarket card; Mrs. Glover, Buckstone, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Humby, and others, (not to speak of the vocalists, among whom, by the by, we do not think we have ever sufficiently noticed the sweet voice of Collins), have all contributed to make this old and favourite place of entertainment what the lovers of the stage must ever wish it to continue to be. Consequent success has attended these judicious exertions; and if the beginning of the season was minus, we hope and trust that the ending will be plus. At all events, we counsel those who have not seen, to lose no time in seeing, the *Steward*, *Uncle Fozzle*, and, above all, *Uncle John*.

ADELPHI.

WE omitted to name Mr. Fox Cooker as the young and successful artist to whom the town was indebted for the *Deserted Village*. That drama has been so pruned and improved as to render it very effective throughout, and still more deserving of the popular applause which attends its nightly repetition. One almost wishes, if not for a thin, at least for an uncramped house at this place of amusement, were it only to see how it looks with a few empty seats and a trifle of standing room.

VICTORIA.

ON Thursday, for Abbott's benefit, and on a dreadfully wet day, after *The Wife*, *Gustavus of Sweden* was performed for the first time, to a full audience, and with success. We have at present no time for comment.

MUSIC.

IN our No. 869, Sept. 14, we gave an account of a Project for forming a National School to encourage the higher orders of musical composition, by establishing a grand opera, and adopting other well-advised measures to accomplish so desirable an object (see *L. G.* p. 589). We are glad to perceive, from a pamphlet by Mr. Rodwell, that the design is in progress; and we hope that no idle jealousies among the profession will spring up to impede it.

VARIETIES.

The Anonymous.—We have heard of anonymous letters, anonymous criticism, anonymous threats, &c. &c. but never till last week heard of such things as anonymous checks! But the newspapers tell us that Mr. Owen, a preacher, has received 200*l.* in anonymous checks, towards building a chapel, wherein to preach the "manifestation of tongues." It would be droll to see the bankers look at the "anonymous checks!"

Fine Cave.—A large stalactitical cavern, said to be 300 feet in circumference, has been

discovered within the Nash Rocks, near Prestein, Radnorshire. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* speaks of it as a fine specimen of this sort of natural production, the pillars numerous, and the whole effect grand and impressive.

The *Carlsruhe Almanac* for 1834 is this year smaller than ever; yet portraits of Gen. Jackson, Otho of Greece, and a number of fancy subjects, are crammed into this literary curiosity, which is about the size of a tolerable thumb-nail!

Wonders in Natural History.—In the north of Scotland, according to the *Inverness Courier*, the foxes have taken to sheep-hunting. When lamb is scarce, and they can dine on mutton, it seems they chase the sheep over precipices, and then go below themselves, and regale off the hash they find ready prepared by the fall!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Editing.—The editors of newspapers have, no doubt, plenty of business to attend to; but we really think that the cut-and-dry, or paste-and-scissors, system is in general carried too far, for the sake of ease and the saving of time. Information of public interest, which it would require very little additional trouble to digest and furnish in concise and clear language, is either passed by altogether, or waited for till some one journal or another may chance to take the necessary pains with it; and it then runs the circle of the press like a hoop of gas lights. Thus, for example, we observe the intelligence respecting the sun granted to the sailors in Capt. Ross's expedition, in our last *Gazette*, quoted in a less correct form as from the *Observer*, which only copied from us, the day after, without an acknowledgment. Our notice of M. de Brandeburg's ludicrous theory of Cholera being derived from icebergs, is now serving its turn in the London journals, as from a "Scottish Paper," that paper having got it from the *Gazette* a fortnight ago. All our remarks on Captain Back's Expedition (*L. G.* 875), and the probable measure he would adopt, if reached by the messenger sent to apprise him of Capt. Ross's return, have, at length, been shaped into a long separate paragraph, under the title of Arctic Land Expedition. Now all this sort of thing, and every day affords abundant instances of it, may be very convenient in sparing labour; but we hardly deem that it displays due diligence in catering for the public information.

The second part of Goodwin's Domestic Architecture; the letter-press by W. H. Leeds, Esq.

A Quarterly Journal of Botany, by Dr. Hooker.

Travelling Memoirs during a Tour through Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, &c. by T. Dyke, Jun.

A second volume of Bland's Collections from the Greek Anthology, by J. H. Merivale.

A new edition of a Treatise on the Valuation of Property for the Poor's Rate, with an Abstract of the Poor Laws, &c. by J. S. Bayldon.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1833.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 31	From 37. to 54.	29.96 to 29.91
Friday... 1	42. to 61.	29.72 to 29.69
Saturday... 2	39. to 55.	29.96 to 29.90
Sunday... 3	37. to 49.	29.81 to 29.93
Monday... 4	37. to 49.	30.02 to 30.14
Tuesday... 5	54. to 54.	30.31 to 30.05
Wednesday 6	39. to 55.	29.98 to 29.94

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 3d and 4th, generally cloudy, with rain at times; ice on the ponds thick as a half-crown on the morning of the 4th.
Rain fallen, .125 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank H. J.; but hardly think any further account of the Aurora seen on the 12th necessary, as it presented no uncommon phenomena.
We have to thank T. G.; and decline for want of space. To F. the same. To H. B. the same.
We could not attend the meeting to promote the erection of a monument to the late Joshua Brookes; but shall be happy to advance so laudable an object. Neither could we get to see Mr. Clarke's bust of Rammohun Roy.

Mr. Davy's plans for improving Holborn Hill, and making a communication between the city and the west, appear to merit the attention of the parties concerned; but we cannot find room for their publication.

We are rather sick of communications relative to unquestionable steam-carriages, which, somehow or other, always fail in their journey, burst, break, or sink in the mire; and we will not exclaim one or other till we see it demonstrated that they can surmount the obstacles opposed to their common use, which we really do not think will be very soon.

The numerous railways also preferred to our notice are much in the same predicament. We do not yet know whether the undulating or non-undulating are the best; whether the most profitable pay their expenses; or whether the average of their killed and wounded is above or below the rate by the wonted modes of conveyance.

The writer of the letter signed J. S. in our last, has reclined against our insertion of it *in consideration*, as, he tells us, if he had expected its publication, he would have taken more pains with its diction. Now, we must say, that we gave it place simply because it expressed the honest opinions of an evidently observant third party upon several interesting topics; and as we were told to make what use we pleased of it, we did not feel at liberty to alter one syllable, and especially as it bore somewhat upon ourselves. Points were noticed which had escaped our critical observation; and we held by the motto, "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas," or indeed the still more apposite saying of Ammián, "Silentio corruptum veritas." The writer may believe with us, that the public cannot be better served than by such plain and straightforward remarks—the correction of errors, whosoever they exist, and the dissemination of just ideas on every subject of rational inquiry. What he pointed out respecting one of the best volumes of periodical literature—the fashion of our day—was but a strong proof in corroboration of the argument we have always maintained, that these productions tend to create a superficial instead of an accurate acquaintance with the matters of which they treat. Their authors have neither remuneration nor ambition to stimulate them to labours beyond the mere necessity of executing their task in an agreeable, and so far creditable, manner; they therefore, take statements as they find them, and generally, without farther or original research, are content to dress up the mistakes, as well as the facts, of their predecessors in a new garb of arrangement and style. We may talk of it, but we cannot improve under such guidance; and the inevitable result is the depreciation of our national literature. Common-place repetitions, however cleverly done, cannot enlarge the understanding of a people; and we again repeat, that at this time there is neither stimulus nor reward in the trade of publishing to encourage superior mind or genius to exertion for the advantage and honour of England.

ERRATA.—By an oversight in our last Number, "The Nautical Almanac" occurs twice for "The Nautical Magazine," page 697, col. 2, line 4, and page 700, col. 3, line 16.—The title of Miss Landon's poem is "Kishen Kover," not "Kisher Kover," page 700, col. 3, line 35.—Page 686, col. 1, line 16, for "J. Hofland" read "J. Holland."

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